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Inter-America

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE



Vol 2 (English)
nos 1 - 6

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ENGLISH: VOLUME II

AUGUST, 1919

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ANNOUNCEMENT

THE purpose of INTER-AMERICA is to contribute to the establishment of a community of ideas between all the peoples of America by aiding to overcome the barrier of language, which hitherto has kept them apart. It is issued alternately, one month in Spanish, made up of diversified articles translated from the periodical literature of the United States, and the next month in English, composed of similar articles translated from the periodical literature of the American countries of Spanish or Portuguese speech.

INTER-AMERICA thus serves as a vehicle for the international dissemination of articles already circulated in the several countries. It therefore does not publish original articles, nor make editorial comment. It merely translates what has been previously published, without approving or censuring, in order that the reading public of all the American countries may have access to ideas current in each of them.

INTER-AMERICA is established at the instance of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, one of whose objects is to cultivate friendly feelings between the inhabitants of different countries, and to increase the knowledge and understanding of each other by the several nations.

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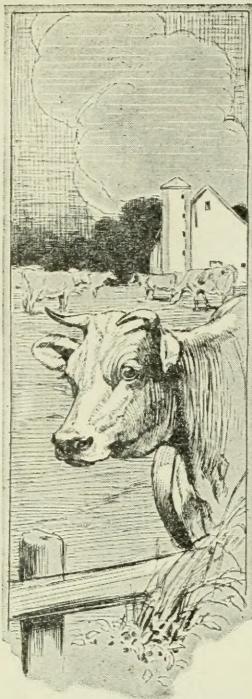
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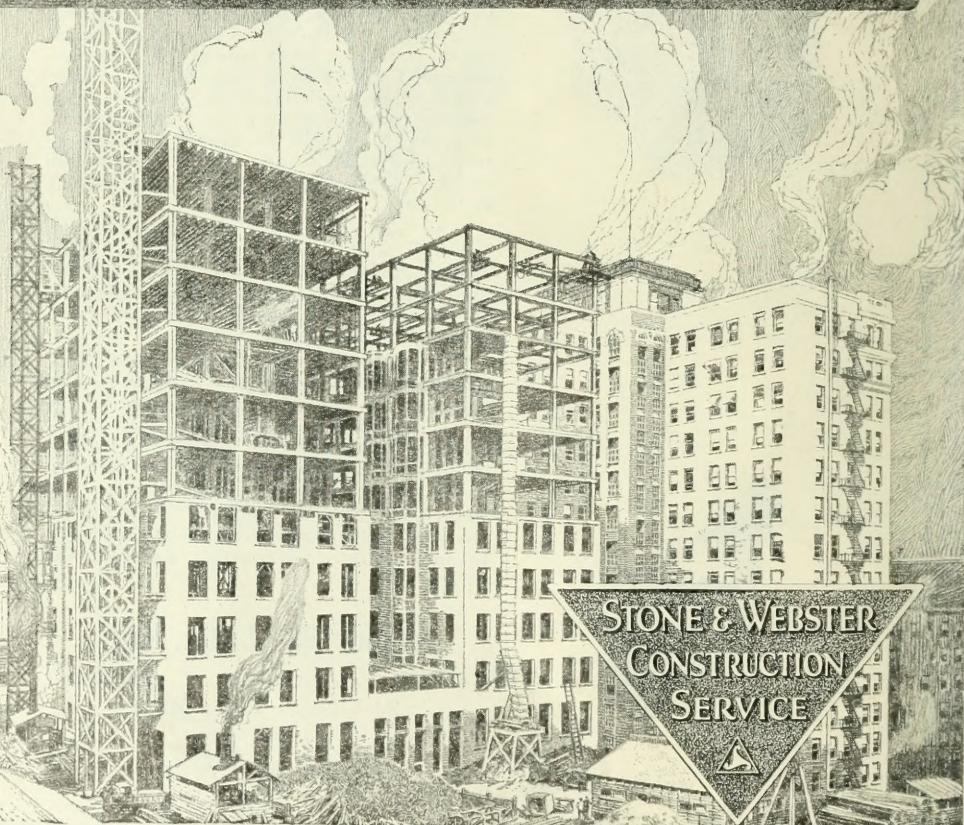
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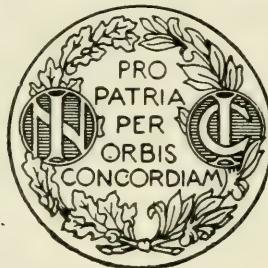
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BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

JESÚS SEMPRUM: see INTER-AMERICA for June, 1919, Biographical Data, page 260.

MANUEL GÁLVEZ is an Argentine man of letters; among other works, he has published: *El enigma interior* and *Sendero de humildad*, verse; *El diario de Gabriel Quiroga*, prose; *El solar de la raza*, in which he presents his conception of the Spanish soul, based upon a trip through Spain.

AMADO NERVO, generally regarded as one of the leading poets of the Spanish world, was born in Tepic, México, about fifty years ago; he spent much of his early life in the capital; later he went to live in Paris. During the ten years previous to the spring of 1918, he resided in Madrid as chargé d'affaires and secretary of the Mexican legation; he then returned to México, and in the autumn of the same year he was appointed minister to Argentina and Uruguay. Passing through New York in November, 1918, he accepted an invitation to lecture and read many of his poems at Columbia University, and before the Poetry Society of America, to the great delight of two large audiences. He took up his duties as minister to Argentina and Uruguay during the past spring, presenting his credentials in March, 1919. While in attendance upon the Congreso del Niño in Montevideo, he died suddenly, on May 24. He has published many volumes of poetry, his last work, *Florilegios*, was issued in Buenos Aires shortly before his death; *Elevación* (1917) is one of the books that best represents him in his later years.

NAPOLEÓN ACEVEDO (who uses *René Borgia*), as a pseudonym is a young Venezuelan journalist and man of letters. He was the editor of *El Universal* of Caracas. Prior to about two months ago, when he went to Paris, he had spent the last few years in the United States. Of his poems,

the *Parnaso venezolano*, whose second edition was augmented by Juan González Gamargo, contains *Huerto familiar*; *Primer vuelo sobre mi jardín* (translated from Edmond Rostand) and *Las manos lejanas*.

ARMANDO DONOSO: see INTER-AMERICA for October, 1917, page 64, Biographical Data.

GONZALO ZALDUMBIDE is an Ecuadorian man of letters and diplomat; he was born in Quito, December 25, 1885; he is now the secretary of the legation of Ecuador in Paris; in 1909, he published his first book, upon Henri Barbusse, then little known and now famous, entitled: *En elogio de Henri Barbusse*; later he published *La evolución de Gabriel d'Annunzio*. We have already used two articles of his: "José Enrique Rodó" and "A Peruvian Author Who Died for France."

JOSÉ LÓPEZ PORTILLO Y ROJAS was born in Guadalajara, Jalisco, México, May 26, 1850; he prepared for the law in the city of his birth, being graduated in 1871; after traveling for some time in the United States and Europe he was a deputy in the national congress from 1875 until 1877 and from 1880 until 1882; in 1886, he founded *La República Literaria*; during recent years he has served as Ministro de Instrucción Pública and Ministro de Relaciones Exteriores of the nation and as senator for and governor of Jalisco; he is the director of the Academia Mejicana de la Lengua and a member of a number of learned and literary societies; he has published many books: novels, essays, stories and philosophical and historical works.

JOSÉ ANTONIO CAMPOS: see INTER-AMERICA for April, 1919, page 196, Biographical Data.

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH

THE UNITED STATES AND LATIN AMERICA—OBSERVATIONS UPON A TIMELY SUBJECT

BY

JESÚS SEMPRUM

Among the many appreciations of the United States that have appeared lately in foreign countries, we have seen nothing like this article. It is an enthusiastic expression of admiration, but it is much more: it is a systematic study and an explanation. The author frankly recognizes that there has existed in the southern countries of America a feeling of dislike not unmixed with contempt for the United States, due at first to dissimilarity and misunderstanding, but recently and principally, to the antagonism which was the outgrowth of our war with Spain. He is convinced that his people and pretty much the whole world were wrong, that the United States has been misjudged and that the part she played in the great war has revealed her as a moral and intellectual leader among the nations. The effect of this in America has been a vast reversal of sentiment, resulting in a wave of sympathy and good will. (—THE EDITOR)

DURING the last two years of the war that has just terminated with the downfall of the autocratic empires of Europe, ideas current in the south of America regarding North American civilization and its ideals and tendencies have been so profoundly and perceptibly altered, that it is proper to rehearse the ideas and sentiments which constituted, only a short time ago, the view of our generation of young men in respect of the tremendous northern republic. It is well to take advantage of this crystalline historical moment to examine with wholesome curiosity the imminent transformations, already palpable, which will, beyond question, occur categorically in the soul of all America. We who opened our eyes to intellectual life, with the first years of this century, we began to breathe an atmosphere by no means friendly to the "Yankees." The inevitable defeat of Spain awakened a profound moral echo among our peoples. Envenomed by a multitude of purely rhetorical phrases and falsehoods, we saw in the triumph of "Yankeeland"—as we wrote, with a certain innocent bitterness to which we strove to communicate a deeply sarcastic air—the victory of the strong over the weak, of the lusty barbarian over the delicate and exquisite being. Thick clouds obscured our vision and prevented our penetrating the magnificent significance involved in the Spanish-

American war and the liberation of Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Philippines. Our somewhat extravagant love for good Spain prevented us from informing ourselves regarding events as they were. We were bewitched by the old legend of chivalry, and we beheld Spain symbolized in the gaunt silhouette of don Quijote, who, lance in socket, appeared in the nineteenth century to hurl himself upon a formidable ruffian, an enormous brigand, the forcer of damsels. Properly speaking, this also was not a spontaneous vision of our minds. We conceived it by reading the masters of our generation, the great South American writers who preached to us contempt for, and hatred of, the "Yankees," not only as a political concept but also as an esthetic canon. The North Americans were rude and obtuse Calibans, swollen with brutal appetites, the enemies of all idealisms, furiously enamored of the dollar, insatiable gulpers of whisky and sausages—swift, overwhelming, fierce, clownish. Thanks to their strength, they had set their feet upon Spain: chivalrous, romantic, sweet, weak Spain. Even those masters who had not felt the greatest sympathy for Spain, those who owed all their culture to France, Germany, England, and even the United States herself, spoke to us about the north as a country of gigantic and horrible children, worshipers of the golden calf, rich, yes, but stupid and rude. No South American received in the north a less bitter

impression. Those who were carried away by the material greatness of the Yankee cities, factories and machinery, sought the spirit, but they did not succeed in finding it. The clank of iron, the squeak of pulleys, the clamor of the multitudes, seemed to them signs of an objectless brute force let loose upon the world.

With no slight simplicity some issued from that vast workshop saying to themselves: "But where are art, the ideal, the dream of these people who seem like a flock of eagles and furious demons." Then, when they did not see, back of that bustle, the evidence of an ideal proclaimed from square to square, all our kind ended by telling us that those men lacked an ideal and that, drunk with power, they sought power for the sole pleasure of possessing it, in order to overwhelm their small neighbors in a feverish rush, as Hercules rent his children asunder. Such a fabrication was, at all events, easily answerable, not to say clearly absurd; but we had our heads filled with bad dreams, like good Alonso Quijano, and we took for relentless robbers what were innocent and useful windmills.

Therefore is the moment crystalline, because the storm of war, with its frightful profusion of thunderbolts, has cleared the moral and intellectual atmosphere of our times of those dread clouds that closed to our eyes the historical perspectives, which prevented us from contemplating what was occurring in reality beyond the Caribbean, in the land of the north.

Caliban has disappeared. The furious barbarian vanished with the clouds of hallucination that befuddled our brains, and in its stead appears Ariel, that same aerial genius—clear, harmonious—who charmed the dreams of our youth with the music of his flute. We comprehend now that the men of yesterday were mistaken; and that, guided by I know not what hidden prophetic force—by inexplicable vanity, perhaps—we attributed to ourselves—we South Americans!—the rôle of marvelous ARIELS; and we assigned to our neighbors of the north the lamentable function of coarse Calibans. For the sentimental bitterness of the Spanish defeat created in us an enduring hostility toward the north. Kindly disposed toward the

weak victim by a generous sentiment, which, in reality, honors Spanish America, we were not satisfied to proclaim our sympathy for Spain, but the literature of the south must consider itself under obligation to manifest dislike and even aversion for the republic of the north.

Our affection for Spain springs from deep and indestructible roots, and it would degrade us to deny our past and our origin. Yet more: Spain's future is firmly bound up with ours, and it would be vain to attempt to loose ourselves from those bonds in which resides the cohesion of the Spanish world that will be our common strength no later than to-morrow. Transcendental Hispanicism is destined to acquire living and fruitful force upon the day when it is set aright in the path of mutual comprehension and tolerance, which seems still to be somewhat remote. Therefore it is necessary that we cease to ask of Spain the examples she possessed one day, and which she to-day longs to renew with the intense aspiration of her best wills and intellects. Simultaneously it is necessary that Spain shall not demand of Americans those profound and serene virtues that can only spring up in an atmosphere enriched by ages of civilization. Loving Spain, we can, and we ought to, draw near to different kinds of culture, in order to improve and enrich our minds, because by this means shall we contribute to strengthening ourselves for future undertakings. It is therefore important to rid ourselves of the prejudices which our mistaken Hispanicism created and fostered for many years, since in Spain herself many good Spaniards applaud without stint what is admirable and praiseworthy in the United States. It is the hour for ridding ourselves of the tone of contempt or sarcasm that has prevailed for several years in southern literature whenever we referred to the north.

It would take too long to recapitulate in a brief article the hostile expression that the United States drew from the best contemporary writers of Spanish America. There must certainly have been in it some influence of racial dissimilarity. Our moral constitution does not enable us to understand exactly what is thought and felt by

the North Americans. It is a barrier that can be surmounted only by dint of tolerance and sympathy.

The United States has now attained to a degree of splendor and power that we understand to be the product of the profound virtues that have been working in the national spirit with ennobling efficacy. The ancient legend of North American "Calibanism" has been reduced to dust by the war, like so many other human "values" that seemed to be endowed with power and that did not withstand the tremendous impact of the great struggle.

José Enrique Rodó, Vargas Vila, Rubén Darío, Rufino Blanco-Fombona and Manuel Ugarte, not to cite any but the most popular writers of our America, have promulgated again and again, with seductive eloquence, the "dangers" that the power of the north involves for the rest of America.

We who have followed in the tracks of those eminent Americans were carried away by the imperious eloquence of their discourses filled with arid diatribes. We believed, in good faith, that Roosevelt's attitudes and his boastful harangues upon the subject of Panamá were in truth the expression of the purpose and will of the American popular spirit. We perceived in Uncle Sam's hands, as the expression of his spirit and his might, the club of imperialism. The enemies of Uncle Sam said: "What ideal can be cherished by the soul of the people that wrested from Spain her colonies?"

We then started out at once to convince ourselves that the United States aspired to formal dominion over all America. The war, however, has come to clear up, among other problems, the question of relations between North America and South America. The part the north has played in this war is the noblest that has ever fallen to any people, from what we know of human history. In order that we should understand it, in all its startling reality, however, it was necessary that the war should terminate with a complete victory, thanks to American coöperation. Why, indeed, did North America enter the war? The world was not prepared for a quixotic enterprise of this character, and

it is sad to have to say that those who proclaimed themselves the emblem of the Shakespearian Ariel did not comprehend the motive—superior, idealistic, shining with hope and faith—that drew the north into the struggle. Wilson has said it in such transparent and luminous words, that the most obstinate adversaries of the president did not dare to deny it. It was the duty of the American people to prevent democracy from being destroyed, and it is but just to say that without the aid of America the victory of the allied powers would have been problematic. To those who look upon the Yankees as a nation of rude and avaricious traders it seems impossible that they should have undertaken this adventure without hope of payment or reward, without stipulating in advance the recompense for their efforts and their privations. It is true, however; and American achievements in this war form the most beautiful epopee that men have ever beheld; for at the end of the adventurous expeditions and the terrible combats will be found neither the golden fleece of legend nor Helen's beauty. The Yankees entered the struggle for their country and for humanity: they went forth to fight with the dragon: to liberate Andromeda, without any hope of espousing her. It is truly an achievement worthy of the Ingenious Hidalgo of La Mancha—the one that was wrought by the sons of Washington.

Therefore from our tropical imagination disappears that rude and threatening image of Uncle Sam armed with a cudgel, and it is replaced by that of a benevolent toiler, conscious of his strength and consecrated to justice, who defends the cause in which right and liberty are engaged. Uncle Sam takes on the splendid proportions of a symbol: he symbolizes the new democracy.

The legend is going to crumble away rapidly, like an obelisk smitten by the east wind. Before it disappears from our sight, we ought to examine it; for thus perhaps shall we obtain some helpful experience for the future. The pseudo-history and the pseudo-criticism that, hand in hand, have been dominating in South America, and even in the most lucid and independent minds, bear heavy blame in these misun-

derstandings. Involuntarily we have thrown into the background the diverse sources of the North American and the South American populations, a difference in which is essentially rooted the categorical dissimilarities of the social and political conceptions upon which institutions rest in the United States and Canada, on the one hand, and in the Spanish and Lusitanian countries, on the other: differences that are, in substance, the very ones that are explained by the downfall of the Spanish empire and the energetic vitality of the British empire.

The conquest of North America was not the work of greedy adventurers. Our conquerors and settlers came to the Indies in search of gold, eager to find it, that they might return to the European court in order to enjoy the pleasures that money supplies. It did not enter their minds that they might accomplish a noble and enduring work by turning their thoughts to the future. To accumulate treasure by despoiling the Indian and selling the negro—while risking their lives in fruitless adventures and accomplishing unheard of deeds—was the sum of the Spanish ambition. The conquerors never took thought either for Spain or for Christ. Only the missionary cherished these noble thoughts, and it is now known that the missionary (when he was a true Christian), and the conqueror were often at variance. In the north it was not so:

For the principles of action with these latter (those of the north) was not avarice, nor the more specious pretext of proselytism; but independence—independence religious and political. To secure this, they were content to earn a bare subsistence by a life of frugality and toil. They asked nothing from the soil but the reasonable returns of their own labor. No golden visions threw a deceitful halo around their path and beckoned them onward through seas of blood to the subversion of an unoffending dynasty. They were content with the slow but steady progress of their social policy. They patiently endured the privations of the wilderness, watering the tree of liberty with their tears and with the sweat of their brow, till it took deep root in the land and set up its branches toward the heavens.¹

Read, on the other hand, the chronicles of Costa Firme, one of the regions where the conquerors were least covetous and pitiless. It is not necessary to go to witness the catastrophe of the Aztec empire or the fall of the Incaic empire in order to feel the flesh creep with horror. It was the Spaniards themselves who narrated with simple and placid indifference—as if it was an affair of chasing wild beasts—the horrors to which the poor Indians were subjected. It is, indeed, true that it was discussed among Europeans with great circumspection and tranquillity whether the Indians were beings who possessed immortal souls, such as they believed the conquerors to have.

The Indies were an asylum for vagabonds of every kind: all those who, ruined by the excesses of a life of dissipation, dreamed, not of spreading the faith among the idolaters, as has been innocently chronicled, but of despoiling the idolaters of the treasures they were thought to possess, in order to return to the court to make a show and lead a placid and pampered life. A great Spanish writer, who had a clear vision of the surrounding life and who left it engraved upon pages of immortal brilliancy, thus closes one of his books, which rival the most vivacious of the picaresque novels:

I determined to go to the Indies . . . to see if by changing my land I could better my lot; and it went worse with me; for he never improves his condition who simply alters his place, and not his life and his habits.²

"And not his life and his habits:" this explains the tardy and difficult evolution of life in the Spanish colonies, especially in the intertropical ones.

When, three centuries later, these colonies proclaimed their independence, they had advanced hardly more than a few strides in general culture, and not at all, or almost not at all, in politics and in the industries: in what is now called "work."

The colonist, deceived regarding El Dorado and its fables, either set off to seek elsewhere the prodigious nuggets of gold, told of by legend or poetry, or,

¹W. H. Prescott: *History of the Conquest of Perú*, etc.

²Quevedo: *Vida del gran tacaño*.

duced by the sun of the tropics, he gave himself over to the insipid delights of the primitive life. The fertile soil was an accomplice of backwardness. The colonist, to live, had but to set out half a dozen trees or so, or turn loose four beasts upon the *sabana*³. The hammock and the siesta consumed his remaining energy. The mother-country prohibited the cultivation of the vine, and the creole distilled the juice of the cane and poisoned himself with strong liquors. The life of the city, active at the beginning, was quenched shortly after independence was achieved. The last tie of social solidarity was broken. Existence was passed between the mass, the sermon, entertainments often abounding in the gossip and childish vanities that gave rise to slanderous comments along the somber corridors of the great houses, whose silent amplitude was the refuge of idleness. There was no thought for the morrow, no religious ideal, no elevating school; for certainly no good could come of proving, with more or less skillful artifices, that African blood had no acquaintance with creole veins. Although it may seem incredible, whole centuries passed thus over that sickly race, occupied with prayer, gossip and rank, unsubstantial prejudice, while across the world swept winds that heralded the new times, as passes the swift and devouring simoom to the verge of the pyramids that inclose the mummies of ancient races.

The European convulsion which began in France in 1789 was so extensive and violent that the moral atmosphere here must also quiver with its clamors and its furors. The colony rose from its bed of idleness and gave itself over to frantic slaughter, without ever knowing what it desired. When the storm passed, Bolívar himself, filled with anguish and bitterness, cried: "We have plowed in the sea;" and also: "We have won our independence at the expense of our other possessions." Frightful words!

We came, however, in a direct line from the Cid and from Pelayo. Instead of making

³An American word, probably of Caribbean origin, denoting a wide-spread, treeless plain. Is it not likely that Savannah is a corruption of this word?—THE EDITOR.

herself worthy of those Homeric memories, Spanish America delivered herself with the frenzy of a bacchante to an orgy of blood and hatred. The feeble acquired culture lost its luster; and only where European blood has imparted the ideal does the magic splendor of hope begin to rise upon the scene. . . . Who was going to rival us? How could the bacon curers of Chicago and the shopkeepers of New York have the effrontery to stand before the descendants of the Cid and of Pelayo?

This was uttered in every tone. Rubén Darío called the Yankees "big feet" and he threatened them with God, with his Catholic God, his God of the Escorial, the God of the *autos de fe*, the God of the conquerors of the south! Poets and writers drained abundant fountains of sarcasms and they counseled us to flee the materialistic Yankee, who was lacking in ideals and who desired to annihilate us with the terrible blows of his *Big Stick*.

Now, at the close of the war, it comes to pass that the whole world is acclaiming the men of the north, "the ruddy beasts whose newspapers and feet are large" as the saviors of the ideal and the true professors of idealism; and those of us who are neither deaf nor blind nor disposed to harden ourselves with absurd obduracy against any idea understand that the men of the north are the real masters of democracy and the possessors of the ideal, of all the noble modern ideals.

There is bitterness in this confession, but the study of the history of the north renders it necessary. It is impossible to find either men or peoples without past errors. The United States achieved in a century an unparalleled development that astonished the whole world, but she lacked the social and political experience which she has acquired more rapidly than any other nation of the world.

It was because the colonist of the north strove from the first instant of his life in America to create about him a civilized environment. He fled Europe: he did not come to America in search of a fortune to spend in London. When he settled in the new lands, he regarded them with love, like one who expected to pass there the rest of his life; and he tried to cultivate

and beautify them, since there his children and his grandchildren would have to live and die. He left the Old World thirsting for liberty, but not the barbarous liberty of the forest or the desert; not that of a return to the existence of primitive tribes, wandering through the solitudes where no law holds them subject; but that of progress toward order in democracy or in the pure, steady liberty of the individual.

When Washington spoke to his people about shaking off dependence, all the world understood what he was saying, for those men had their instincts and conceptions of liberty highly developed. After three lusters of tremendous strife, the men of the south did not yet know truly what was the cause for which they fought; because to their dull minds it was all the same whether one said Bolívar or Fernando VII: a deplorable condition that was disastrously prolonged even through the period of the intestine wars, when the very leaders of the bands themselves did not know for a certainty for which cause they were fighting.

The United States had a civil war provoked by a problem mainly of an economic character: the struggle for the liberation of the slaves, which touched certain legitimate interests of the planters of the south. The north, however, effected upon the battle-field the triumph of its cause, which was that of liberty, human dignity and true civilization. Since then that nation has devoted herself with marvelous enthusiasm to labor and the winning of the future by a series of affirmations of existence of her own. It is obvious that I do not suppose every American to have understood, in its entirety, the scope and meaning of the task he was accomplishing, and I even doubt extremely if all his great men foresaw at a determined moment to what remote national and universal conclusions the route chosen would lead them. There were wrongs, without a doubt, and it is not my thought to excuse or mitigate them in order to present the north as the marvelous storehouse of skill and virtue. The sudden development of the national wealth, fostered by the liberty that at first provoked immigration and then at once assimilated it by nationalizing it, created

an organization which, to those who were enamored of the classic development of nations, according to the Roman pattern, seemed monstrous, filled with irremediable gaps, and tottering for want of deep and definitive foundations, without their comprehending that times had changed and that a century is now sufficient for the accomplishment of an enterprise that in remote ages was achieved by virtue of a slow growth extending over many centuries.

The war with México and the annexation of Texas were not what disturbed the south; but the overthrow of Spain and the separation of Panamá struck harshly upon our minds like a tocsin of alarm. It was the hour in which we rubbed our eyes in the presence of the enlightened world we saw at hand, while, drunk with rhetoric, we forged an absurd and extravagant world that we fancied to be the true one.

Culture was springing up among our peoples, but in a strange, almost anomalous manner. While the masses were apathetic and stupid, steeped in the deliriums of ignorance, a meagre group of intellectuals placed itself in spiritual connection with the old European nations, adopted their fashions in dress and thought, and cut itself off from all association with the people to whom it belonged. The intellectual forces of the nation were withdrawn from all contact with the masses. Then were constructed "the towers of ivory." The musical phrase was a mystery in the cultivation of which a few initiates, who seemed drunk with the ethereal word, found delight. We overlooked whatever was ours, whatever sobbed or laughed round about us, to solace ourselves with chimerical parades. The *rastacuerismo*⁴ which has made a certain nation of the far south celebrated, was a virus that contaminated all the men who thought, from México to the Plata. While our *sabanas*, at times covered with rickety cattle, were deserted; while our agricultural regions were being exhausted in the production of the easy coffee; and ignorance and the hook-worm harassed the

⁴An American neologism expressive of the character and performances of the adventurer who gains admission to good society, passes himself off as a person of wealth and position and exploits the unwary, women in particular.—THE EDITOR.

people, pallid and beetle-browed men uttered to us, in words of gold, things confused and at times incomprehensible. They desired the people to hasten to them with applause upon their lips and a crown of laurel in their hands, as if the latter were the Athenian contemporaries of Pericles, Englishmen of the century or Gauls of the third republic. The multitude remained indifferent and sad, hearing without comprehending, and this widened the breach between the intellectuals and the people. The national ties were broken in very truth. Between the young man educated abroad to live in the great centers or the boy nourished upon the readings of the boulevard, and the genuine people there could be neither sympathy nor mutual comprehension. The national ideal, the ideal of culture, was lost; and when the men of my generation opened their eyes to the light, they comprehended that this breach was wider than their will, and that anxiety to reconcile those above and those below would be vain. The difference was profound; and, as a climax of evils, there did not exist an intermediate class, that strong and sensible middle class, the "bourgeoisie" that selects, in order to incorporate with its strength the best energies of the people, and from which issue, consecrated by success, the brains that must guide the nations along the levelest and clearest paths. Yet the cultivation of the sciences and arts, of political institutions and even of natural resources requires the support of the inexhaustible popular strength. The *élite* can be created only where there exist elements from which to choose and ability for the previous deliberation that selection implies. Otherwise, what are formed are antagonistic groups, incapable of progress, that attach themselves to empty formulas, and, dominated by custom, fall into the most hopeless routine. Progress vanishes then and becomes an unsubstantial appearance. Only the advent of dangers that threaten the whole world, or, as a last resort, the infusion of new blood, is then capable of lifting societies out of their marasmus.

When there sprang up in America the germ of a literature, valuable certainly for many of its aspects, and there were

adopted, in constitutional charters, the principles and formulas that were found inscribed in the legislation of the chief enlightened peoples, we were all highly pleased, believing that we had achieved a definite work, and we then sat us down to hope for the appearance of the fortune our fathers had promised us. In order to distract ourselves in the idleness and tedium of the period of waiting, we found no better diversion than analyzing our past, not to find in it lessons and admonitions, but to finish convincing ourselves that we had achieved the great things that merit reward. The heroes of the past did not appear for the purpose of angrily laying upon us the continuance of the work they had begun, but to excuse us from all new and generous enterprises. Like those imbecile sons of famous men who believe they were born merely to be called the sons of the wise or the heroic and who by pronouncing their illustrious surnames are exempt from all obligation to work and all effort, so we found shelter under the great names of Spain and of our history, without taking into account the fact that our lineage has come to a full stop, like that of which don Quijote spoke. History is not for us either a source of instruction or a norm of conduct.

History has puffed up the south and has poisoned its will. If it is not so, what is the meaning of those strange disputes as to whether hero Z was greater than hero Y, or nation A achieved greater deeds than nation B? All this effort of retrospective Narcissism, which would seem to be the work of numskulls, and which is, in reality, the occupation of grave and bearded persons, has produced at length what is a genuine toxin for the nervous system of the southern peoples. It has left us listless and spiritless, in the comfortable armchair of reminiscences. Some deliberate intention may exist in certain cases, the fewest of them; but the most of the searchers of our annals are inspired by a profound faith, when they gloat over the epic and behold themselves moving within its brilliant episodes, as within the golden walls of an enchanted castle. This phenomenon, entirely explicable among peoples who, after hav-

ing filled the pages of glory for several centuries with the noise of their achievements and their renown, decline and fall into poverty, disorder, noisy verbosity and common discord; but that peoples whose independent life is barely a century old should prostrate themselves in wonder and ecstasy before the mirror that gives them back their own image of past years, seems the height of folly. We transfer to what is national the detestable habit that exists in private life, where it is sufficient that some artisan kinsman or some rapacious progenitor should have accumulated money to give excuse for the family to assume the disdainful pose of people of rank, placed by their mere right of birth, in the limbo of respectable institutions. Thus we have attained to an inconceivable idolatry. If hero so and so thought thus and thus at such and such a time regarding this affair, we now have an inassailable precedent to which we must give heed throughout our whole life. The historian does not set himself to investigate the reasons that might have induced hero so and so to fall into this or that indisputable error or folly, but he seeks with restless tenacity to discover wherein resided the value and fitness (accepted in advance as articles of faith) of the fact under examination. Life as thus developed is sustained by a concatenation of fallacies. The climax of follies, which crowned this edifice of delirious ideas, like a gaudy cupola upon one of Churriguera's⁶ temples, was the fatalistic conception of the destiny that must be fulfilled, in spite of man's own will. The greatness, brilliancy and opulence of the definitive civilizations were to be found at the end of the road we followed; we must always advance, and therefore all the efforts we put forth to hasten what had to be were vain. Frank and confiding fatalism that only discerns the prodigious sources of happiness in the perspective of the future! Here and there, however, were manifested at times the vitality of the race in the voice of protest which, by con-

trast and in harmony with the contrary affirmation, found everything bad and irreparable. Both groups, however, were fatalists, either of good or evil; both denied that people's efforts can change the history of the world.

Why be surprised then at the continuous diatribe which the south hurled at the north? Those people who spoke a different language from ours were doubtless barbarians who did not possess, like ourselves, the marvelous secret of waiting seated at the door of the hut by which fortune might pass, while we thrummed the plaintive guitar, recalling the bygone days of glory. They worked with insensate fury, accumulated gold, constructed colossal edifices, managed portentous machines. . . . Yet we looked upon them with disdain. We were the Cids, although barefoot and somewhat anemic and dirty. We had the Dream, the Illusion, Generosity, Nobility, Poetry—words as musical as flutes and as resplendent as false jewels. Without a doubt, those generous human attributes live in the souls of some of us, ennobling them; but those attributes are not deemed worthy of respect or faith among the masses of our men. By a sort of verbal intoxication, by a trick of the lips and tongue, these words have come to be the patrimony of our "race," but the essential essence of what they express escapes us, as if by some bewitchment, thus giving rise to an extraordinary and sinister divorce between speech and conduct.

Perhaps the hour has struck for curing ourselves of these dangerous vaporings. Perhaps it is well that the new generations, lessoned by the experience of the present, should change their point of view and hold the lens of deforming prejudices in such a way as to behold North America in her robust and prodigious nakedness. These last three years remove us with irresistible violence from the attitude in fashion until a short time ago, when it was a question of the United States. It would be necessary to close the eyes with rash obstinacy in order not to comprehend that we find ourselves in the presence of a marvelous and unique phenomenon—a people that speaks and acts with justice—

⁶José Churiguera, a Spanish sculptor and architect, born in Salamanca; he died in 1725; his fame rests upon the elaborate and even extravagant style of architecture developed by, and named after, him, some of the most notable specimens of which are to be found in México.—THE EDITOR.

that, after having proved that liberty and democracy are an atmosphere favorable to the development of human dignity, consecrates all the power of its resources to aid the nations to defend, along with liberty, their very existence. What better rejoinder to those who preach a wholesome suspicion of that enormous force which they call brute? Can Washington, after its solemn promise and disinterested testimony, trample upon weak nations in any part of the world? Is not, on the contrary, its attitude in the universal war a sure pledge that it will aid with counsel and assist with its support all the peoples of America that manifest a will to elevate themselves to the benevolence and admiration of the world? No other nation, not even powerful England, which must consider the welfare and progress of the great peoples that form her empire, is in the position the United States is to give support to the south. She is the immense industrial storehouse, the example of free institutions, the mistress of the commercial arts that to so immense an extent are going to spring up everywhere; and, as the crowning surprise for her former detractors, she is also an admirable believer in art.

I hear the spirit of the detractors of other days breaking out anew:

"Believer in art! But she is the enemy of art, the enemy of idealism, a frenzied worshiper of the Golden Calf and his hoofs!"

Vain outcries! The United States is the most fertile market for works of art that exists in the world at the present moment. It is obvious that she can not appear before us suddenly, her hands laden with treasures of beauty, like France, Italy or England, ancient nations of culture several times a century old. To ask of her such marvels would be to wish her changed into one of those deplorable "child prodigies" that awaken pity with their premature ability in the proscenium of the theater. Artistic capacity can not be acquired, like wealth, with sudden good fortune, lest it be inconsistent and superficial, as indeed, is the case in several of the countries of our America, where, under the pallid skin of men, the fire of the

most arid primitive instincts is wont to lurk with indomitable fierceness.

The United States is, however, a nursery of ideas and hopes. In spite of all that may be said by the evangelists of the anti-Yankee preaching, upon the soil of the north germinate fabulous intellectual and moral forces that have already begun to change the face of the earth. We do not cite Poe, "the poor swan drunk with sorrow and alcohol," whose lamentable death those preachers attributed to his fellow-citizens, brutalized by the worship of the dollar. In any country that might have given him birth, the divine poet of Lenore would have suffered anguish and misery such as was endured by the *Pauvre Lelian* in the modern *Lutetia*,⁶ as they are suffered everywhere this very day by those unhappy geniuses who mingle in the same irreconcilable worship the love of the beautiful and depravity of habits. Nevertheless, the death of Poe has served as a pretext for letting fly the arrows of satire in showers to fix themselves in the good name of the United States. After Poe, however, how many Americans have plucked with care and profit the fruits of their own spirit! When we hear of the sterility of the United States in respect of painters, sculptors, musicians and poets, one recalls that few countries have had better ones and in such abundance, with so few years of independent existence. It is precisely as if, a hundred years after the foundation of Athens, we had taken it upon ourselves to ask of her, rigid and severe as judges, an account of the Phidiases and Aeschyluses and Demosthenes who ought to have been produced, or as if of the third generation of the shepherds of the Seven Hills we had asked where Virgil and Ovid were to be found.

It goes without saying that among a people of a hundred million souls there must abound those who are exquisite, efficient, producers of ideas and beauty. With those who already excel and shine upon the heights of human thought and emotion, it would be possible to cite some whose consecration by the entire world gives evidence of their indisputable and transcendent greatness. We should gain

⁶Or *Lutetia Parisiorum*, the Roman name of Paris.—THE EDITOR.

nothing by it, however. What it is important to note now is that the mass of the inhabitants of the north forms a whole that is capable of the noblest and most disinterested efforts in behalf of human dignity, of that freedom of thought which is the foundation of all culture and the stimulus of whatever is for the glorification of the spirit. Upon this multitude of souls, which every day acquires a surer and deeper consciousness of what the spiritual life is, hinges the future of the world. The American nation is so vast and it cherishes in its bosom so many beings sprung from the four quarters of the globe, that "chauvinism," a sin of peoples swollen by a sense of their power, is impossible.

If the American statesmen deliberate a little regarding their relations with the south—and they have already deliberated, assuredly—they will understand that destiny offers them a rôle much more elevated and magnificent than that of conquerors: they can, and they ought to, be kindly educators. They themselves have seen that force, pure and simple, force without a basis of justice, is fragile and useless, and that every undertaking which lacks a generous human ideal leads to failure and ignominy. If the statesmen of the north possess political tact, they will have understood the harm to the good name of the United States that was caused in the southern part of the continent by the threatening passes of some of their impulsive rulers, when they brandished the sinister cudgel in an attitude more appropriate to the ancient circus than to the modern capitol. This evil is almost abated now, thanks to the position of Woodrow Wilson, one of the purest examples of contemporary rulers. Wilson's words traversed the world fraught with promise, like breezes laden with fertilizing pollen. When he entered upon world politics, Wilson could not overlook the general currents that determine the direction of American public opinion. Yet more: it is to be conjectured that his apparent hesitation in the face of the conflict, during the last year of American neutrality, was in obedience to the need, inevitable with a democratic nation, to wait until public opinion—in the presence of the Teutonic excesses—should

clamor for war, rather than to any uncertainty in his own mind. Even if a ruler of Wilson's capacity were clearly to foresee what ought to be the attitude of the north in the conflict, he would not throw himself into it until his own people supported him in demanding vengeance for aggressions. Those who do not understand any other policy than the materialistic one of temporary interests immediately imagined, with childlike suspicion, that Washington was entering the war in quest of material recompense, of money, perchance, or perhaps of economic advantages or international prerogatives. They did not recognize that in politics, as in business, the most honorable turn out to be the most capable in the long run. Back of Wilson's attitude were conjectured sinister intentions in reserve. What! The United States, the country of the golden calf and the rest of the pleasantries, entering so cruel and costly a war merely in defense of a human ideal!

The grandsons of the Cid and of Pelayo rubbed their eyes, filled with unbelief; but however much they whetted their gaze and their malice, the thundering affirmation stood, categorical, like a luminary aureoled with sonorous rays. The people of the United States were carried away by a conviction of the danger that the triumph of Germany would involve for the world, and they marched to war. German imperialism stupidly placed in Wilson's hands the talisman of danger. Berlin depended upon the fact that the "traders" of the north would not enter the war, even if they were buffeted, and that, if, perchance, they decided to fight, they would play a sorry part, by sending to Europe "a contemptible little army," according to the unfortunate phrase which the imperial disdain pronounced upon Kitchener and his troops: a dozen raw battalions that would flee, stricken with terror, before the epic arrogance of the soldiers of the guard. A sad disillusionment! The democracy of the north, which had neither forty years of preparation nor soldiers fed with the marrow of lions, and which had never endured the German discipline, contributed by their impetus, their daring, their hardiness and their heroic

sacrifices to the overthrow of the frightful machine of Prussian power.

The Americans have played a decisive part in the war. All the nations of the alliance of liberty have had an important task to perform in the catastrophe—even the weakest, whose heroism attained to the height of human capacity for resisting and suffering. The rôle of the north, however, has possessed a character of material disinterestedness perhaps unique in history. England defended her naval power and her dominions, at the same time as the freedom which for long centuries has been her pride and her lodestar; France, her integrity; Italy, her future. The United States defended the principle of the liberty of nations and the maintenance of law. Ideas can not be effective motors except among the great spiritual and generous, that is, the civilized, peoples. The United States has placed herself at the head of the civic culture of the planet.

The north is now acquiring a consciousness of the moral obligations it has contracted. Washington will be converted into a political hub, as Berlin was in the last years prior to the war. The great republic placed upon her shoulders, with the shining mantle of glory, the weight of immeasurable responsibilities. The effort of the Americans must be concentrated upon the future, with redoubled zeal, that they may be worthy of their recent history. These new duties, that inevitable intensification of the inner life, will, however, certainly give rise shortly to an extraordinary florescence in the arts, linked to-day, as in the best days of Athens, with the environing life, with the movements of ideas and the passions that heat, like the sun's beneficent rays, the atmosphere of the era in which we live. The United States is going to become the intellectual center whither we shall go in quest of ideas, useful to our life, as for wheat for the bread of our tables, and machinery for our industrial equipment. Our situation on the Caribbean, along whose shores is going to be developed, like the tide, the traffic of the interoceanic canal, is, be it said at once, decisive. Commerce is a force whose influence is always very rapid in the growth of nations; and as we find

ourselves close to the north, its spirit, which is dynamic, will superimpose itself upon the static and sometimes paralytic spirit of our peoples. This being understood, the Americans have applied themselves eagerly to the teaching of Spanish to the young who are preparing themselves for a commercial career. Spanish gains reputation, not, indeed, because Peninsular or South American literature enjoys a great reputation in the United States, but because the far-sighted functionaries in whose charge is placed the organization and vigilance of instruction seek a way to conciliate the useful with the agreeable, and they believe in the practical advantage of knowing a language which, at the same time that it will facilitate good business with a vast number of customers, contains, besides, a good number of the masterpieces of human genius. The North Americans are beginning to know the men of the south; they are studying their manners and customs, looking into their future and preparing, in short, to make themselves courteous and agreeable neighbors.

Hitherto, in the south, although courteous in external forms, we have always been diffident with the stranger: a distrustful attitude that brings up the vision of the crafty and suspicious Indian chief under his tuft of feathers, ready to threaten the pale-face, whom a cruel experience had taught to look upon as an enemy capable of the worst injuries.

The war whose termination we have witnessed has saved us from all future usurpation. The law of the most powerful, the paradoxes according to which the weak must succumb to the clutches of the strong, all the outgrowth of poisonous maxims, have been swept from the face of the earth by the breath of triumphant right. It is inconceivable that a strong man should beat a cripple upon the public highway, unless we suppose him to be demented. It is likewise inconceivable that in the new righteousness a people lord over empires should dishonor itself by trampling upon unhappy and feeble nations. It will be necessary to allay the suspicions that were implanted in our minds by those who spoke to us as "the barbarians of the north" in phrases that smacked of rhetoric.

What separates us from the Yankees, to be brief, is nothing but our indolence, which is incapable of engaging in a strong effort to comprehend the spirit of that wise, prudent and generous people which has already solved the essential problems of the future, or is on the eve of solving them, with enviable success. Our rich men could learn from the multi-millionaires not to consider themselves in reality as other than the transitory depositaries of the fortunes their efforts or destiny placed in their hands, but as simple administrators of the possessions that Providence stored in their vaults, and which they ought to turn to account for the benefit of the commonwealth. Our believers might well be informed that the religious conception, the creed, is considered as something sacred, which does not hinder men from fraternizing, but rather compels them to fraternize, with the sectaries of a different religion, there occurring the case of Christian pastors and rabbis who pronounced, with warm accents of admiration, panegyrics upon a Catholic prelate. Our fierce don Juans might well learn there to respect woman; and indifferent fathers, veneration for his majesty the child.

Is it a model, a pattern, this people that is being recommended? By no means! Because Mr. so and so has become a great engineer, we are not going to compel all the young men whom we like to choose the career of an engineer. Let us avoid servile copying. Our race has its peculiar traits, and within those traits we ought to seek the elements whose cultivation and development may serve as a foundation for the general good. We do not praise the United States from any desire that we should imitate her manners, customs and ideas with the laughable and left-handed ability of simians, but in order that we may understand that the free expansion of the faculties and the wise development of the resources that we have near at hand, always within the broad conciliation of all interests and with respect for all rights, and the application of democracy as an environment and a stimulus to preparation for the future, is the study to which we ought to consecrate the largest, the most circumspect and the most zealous energy.

Those persons whose talent and culture invest them with the right to speak to our peoples in a tone of admonition ought to explain, each of them according to his own manner and in the form that he judges most appropriate, the new conditions that the war has hastened, but which, in any event, would have occurred, for it was a manifest imposition of fate.

The seeds sowed in those elegant pamphlets in which we are recommended, as a labor of patriotism, to dislike and to despise the Yankees, have borne their fruits. The new generations, especially, may find themselves deceived regarding the contemporary value and meaning of the North American democracy, all the more if they feel stirring in the depths of their hearts the suspicion that, being aware of their strength, they dream of despoiling us of our national jurisdiction.

The United States finds herself in a privileged position that places upon her responsibilities of the greatest moment, and she is not going to lose the good name and the dignity she now enjoys by devoting herself to the brutish satisfaction of rapacious appetites.

It is unthinkable to a reasonable mind that the defenders of right and justice in the great war will endanger the laurels of victory by practising in the south the same policy that aroused against the Hohenzollerns the effort of almost all the civilized nations. Rather, on the contrary, the American attitude in the great war is a sure pledge that the mighty republic will lend her benevolent support, with counsel and good will, to the free development of the southern peoples. Wilson has said so in words that reverberate in the heavens of our zone with the resonance of good news. It is necessary to correct old prejudices, to throw aside the shallow rhetoric which disdain, the mask of fear, imposed upon our pens when we saw the horizon darkened with the shadow cast by the eagle's wings.

In the dawn we are witnessing, the wings of the great Symbol are tinged with rose and gold: its flight is no longer the baleful announcement of spoliation, but the day-spring of the reign of justice. The bird of prey has been converted into a messen-

ger of bright destiny. For the human family is no longer composed of hostile tribes armed with mutual ill-will, full of fierce mutterings, like wild beasts defending their prey. The war has destroyed the concept of the state as an aggressive entity whose ideal was to increase its bounds by the despoilment of others.

The league of nations will be the first international, democratic force with full authority to interfere wherever the rights of peoples are attacked. In the face of the fury of the triumphant revolution, the kings formed the Holy Alliance, which was charged to aid and defend the divine right of monarchs. The coalition of the Germans, Austrians, Bulgarians and Turks was a sort of modern Holy Alliance that spoke also in the name of God and proclaimed the divine right of kings to partition the earth. The league of nations will be the union of peoples in a pact that will enable them to prevent the formation of iniquitous designs against the weak. In the future, no people will be worth more than any other, except for the sound culture it contributes, and for the sum of the improvements it offers to humanity. The peace conference will uphold the rights of Belgians, Serbians, Montenegrans and Armenians, Bohemians and Jugoslavs,

with the same ardor as the legitimate prerogatives of formidable England. The justice which all legislation upholds, when it is an affair of private business, and which was forgotten when it was a question of quarrels between peoples, will be the norm of relations of all kinds between states.

The last effort made to return to force, rejected by the conscience of man, his sacred aureole of divine emanation, was that which Germany put forth, with a notable waste of genius, ability and contumacy. If it were not for the danger of proclaiming that there is a Providence that takes care of peoples, we should say that this Providence is called democracy: so many were the marvels that it wrought in this war, by improvising everything in three years.

Wilson's ideals, which seemed, a luster ago, the delusions of fevered philanthropists, have become the effective rule of human societies. South America, which does not possess military power, will welcome—freed of fears and suspicions—these clear formulas; and, with the example of the north, she will be able to scale the steep hill upon whose summit grows, watered by the blood of generations, the tree of peace, laden with harmony and freedom.



A TRIBUTE TO AMADO NERVO

BY
MANUEL GÁLVEZ

Even outside the world where Spanish is spoken was felt the shock of sadness caused by the sudden and untimely death of Amado Nervo, the great poet, on May 24, in Montevideo, where, shortly before, he had presented his credentials as Mexican minister. As he was also accredited to Argentina, he had previously been received by the president in Buenos Aires. The announcement of his appointment to Buenos Aires stirred the literary world, and upon his arrival he was given such recognition as none but a great man of letters receives in South America. Among the manifestations of good will and appreciation was a banquet given in his honor by the magazines *Nosotros*, *Ideas* and *Revista de Filosofía*. The several addresses delivered on the occasion were published in *Nosotros*, with the names of the speakers and a list of those who attended. The following article is one of the discourses, chosen for reproduction because it was the expression of a man of letters to a man of letters.—THE EDITOR.

AMADO NERVO: welcome to this country where you are so much admired and beloved! Welcome: master, poet, man, friend! Welcome: spirit of dreams, soul of faith and sincerity, profound and good heart!

I salute you thus, because it is not the artist alone whom we love. We love also the one who, because of his inner life and noble sense of existence, is worthy of the designation *man* in the highest degree. We love also the dreamer and the proclaimer of idealism. We love, above everything, the spiritual friend who has so often spoken to us the word of consolation, who has lessened our sadness with the gift of sweetness, and who has soothed the restlessness of our desperation with the honey of his serene philosophy.

Amado Nervo: I can assure you that there is hardly a corner of this Argentina where you do not possess some great soul friend. I know of no other writer of America who is loved as you are here. People of all thoughts, all conditions, were delighted when they heard of your coming. Sentimental women treasure with devotion your prose and they quaff the water of poetry from the fountain of your lyric soul; and men, in the stress, during the parentheses of active life, raise in dreams their strong minds, with your mystical verses under their eyes. Here you have true glory, master. You have entered into the heart of men, you have stirred them, you have taught them to hope and to love, you have been the confidant of num-

berless sorrows and infinite illusions. I vow you will live for long years, aye, for ages, in the memory and affections of men.

Amado Nervo, you who have used words with so much wisdom and beauty, with such love of goodness and divine fervor: we ought not to receive you with words, for our words are paltry beside your utterances, which mingle kindness, art, purity and the most human and consoling philosophy. We ought to salute you with the silence of emotion, the gold of affection. However, the directors of *Nosotros* have wished me to speak, to offer you this homage; and I must speak.

In my opinion, Amado Nervo is much more than a man of beautiful verses. I considered him, nevertheless, merely a poet, until a few days ago, when I had not yet read his last books. Now, however! Now I behold him like Kabir, like Rabindranath Tagore. I look upon him as a brother of San Juan de la Cruz, of Maeterlinck, of the Verlaine who wrote *Sagesse*. I see him as a man who has scaled the mountain of Serenity, who has attained to Repose, who, as Kabir says:

has drunk of the cup of the Ineffable, found the key to Mystery and reached the Land without Sorrow.

He is not only a poet, but also a great millennial voice, a voice that might be said to have come down from the Infinite to speak to us the language of the elect. I behold him as a lofty tower that has left time and space here below, and, rising to the heavens, knows now the silvery gleam

of the stars and the burning fire of Divine Love. I see him as a stirrer of eternal problems, and I could wish to call him what Leon Blov, the last of the great prophets, called himself: "a pilgrim of the absolute."

Nervo's presence makes us feel that the nation has been spiritually enriched. So said one of our great dailies, and by my faith it spoke the truth. The nation, this nation so poor in ideal treasures, has been enriched by the great soul that is Nervo; for a great soul is an inexhaustible fountain of spiritual suggestiveness. Amado Nervo's verses withdraw us from our realities and invite us to dream, to meditate upon human destiny, to purify ourselves and be good. Lofty poetry, truly sacred because of the nobility and beauty of its designs: how I wish all we Argentines might carry it in our hearts! It is impossible to harbor low desires, after reading *Elevación*. It is impossible not to behold the world ennobled after having spent some moments under the spell of this poet's verses. Hatred is impossible after his counsels to forgiveness—so beautiful and so convincing. It is because Nervo speaks to us with perfect sincerity, with that eloquence of word that springs from the heart and surges into life filled with goodness and love.

Amado Nervo is a great poet because he possesses great kindness, because he has attained to mysticism. I speak before a group of cultivated men who know that mysticism is not devotion nor even positive religion, if, indeed, it be the latter sometimes. Mysticism is longing for the beyond, anguish to know why we have come and why we go, craving to decipher the painful secret of the world's mystery, and need of the Infinite. Mysticism is born of concern over death. Nervo said it, when, after calling death "the mother of philosophy," he pronounced it "the creator of mystery," and he affirms that "beholding her august and sad mien, man lifted his eyes and stood face to face with God." I recall that Rubén Darío once said to me, speaking of another poet: "In order to be great, he must be concerned about death." Well, Amado Nervo has been a great poet only when he has found in his way the eternal problems.

And what an extraordinary mystical poet! He has achieved work of the highest beauty, perfect with all perfection, in a realm of literature so difficult that, in spite of its abundance and the excellence of the minds that cultivate it, it has barely produced in our language a few pages by Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz and Santa Teresa and a stanza or so by Rubén Darío. Even in French, I think there is nothing really mystical apart from *Sagesse*.

It is true that Lamartine and Victor Hugo wrote religious poetry; but in them religiousness was a literary attitude, and hence their lack of mystical emotion and that purity, that immateriality, that transcendental sense of the universe, we find in Kabir, Tagore and Amado Nervo. It is that a mystical poet must live as if upon a mountain, looking down on the world below, beholding how men worry about doctrines and facts and ephemeral sentiments. And how difficult to reach such a height! Life enmeshes us, pleasures and passions keep us down upon the flat lands with their clutches sheathed in the most beautiful silks, and action, like a frantic and savage wind, lays hold of us and implacably enslaves us. Shall we ascend the mountain in order to contemplate the cosmos in its essence, to hear the voices of the abyss, to meditate in abstraction upon the tragic interrogations of life? No: this is not for us—those who love the combat, the creative action of each moment, our human life with its grandeurs and its miseries, its sorrow and its joy, its brutality and its enchantment, what there is in it of the tragic, the ridiculous, the repugnant, the marvelous, the passionate. This, however, does not prevent us from admiring those exalted souls, those great minds who, as they speak to us from on high, tell us so many beautiful things and do so much good. See how, from all this, there arises a new reason for praising Amado Nervo. How has this man, a diplomat, necessarily worldly, been able to lift himself above things terrestrial? A hero of thought, it will be necessary to call him also, because of the dominion over himself which this elevation implies, a hero of will.

Amado Nervo: man of living faith, you have come at a good hour. Here also,

as in the tragic lands of Europe, consciences are flooded with interrogatories. Uncertainty as to our destiny is no longer something contemptible nor the affair of ignoramuses. It is true that old ideas still endure, that there still exists at the seat of learning and in the book the narrowest conception of life that men could imagine; but I think there are few minds that have not been disturbed by the great tragedy we have witnessed, although from afar; that there are few souls who have not experienced the deep and fruitful disquietude of the fundamental *whies*.

I have spoken of our destiny; now I wish to give to this phrase its complete meaning. The great war has stirred our consciences in a twofold direction, obliging us to meditate upon human destiny beyond life and human destiny during life. From one direction has arisen a deep religious uneasiness, giving to this word the broadest

and purest meaning; from another has sprung up a great longing for renovation, a light that grows day by day, a profound sentiment of social justice, an explosion of Love. The singular thing is that these two forms of human disquietude, far from excluding each other, seem to unite; and there stands as a proof of it the example of the Russian revolution, in which is to be observed I know not what of the religious, perhaps because it is presided over by the spirit of Tolstoy, a saint and a prophet.

Amado Nervo: for your beautiful verses, for your noble and good philosophy, for the great dream, the great love and the great faith you have given us, for all the wealth of forgiveness toward life which you have placed in our hearts, for the good that you do our country by your presence, for all this and much more than my word knows not how to utter, here are, Amado Nervo, my trembling and fraternal arms!



LEAH AND RACHEL

BY

AMADO NERVO

The lamented Mexican man of letters, like Edgar Allan Poe, Walter Scott and Victor Hugo, was a master both of prose and poetry. We have here his most genuine self. Like Pedro de Alarcón, he is at his best when he is a little sad, a little bitter, a little quaint, a bit of a moralizer and very tender. So we see him here.

—THE EDITOR.

THEY were two sisters, the two sisters of all the stories, and, like the two sisters of all the stories, one of them was fair and the other, dark; but here the fair one was beautiful and the dark one was ugly and badly formed. The fair sister was the beauty of the family, the one for whom dresses and jewels were bought, the one whom the father and mother insisted on inviting to the theater or to go visiting, while they said to the other one: "You do not care to go, do you? You must be tired."

The dark one was a true *Cinderella*, the *Cinderella* without attractions, of this story without interest; a *Cinderella* whose foot would never go in search of the marvelous prince, that he might put on her the crystal slipper found in the road.

She was timid, as misshapen women usually are, and her eyes seemed to beg all the world's pardon for daring to shine; pardon for the presumption of seeing like the others (eyes that are beautiful and loved) the gay rose tint of the morning, the gold of noonday and the austere opulence of the evening, the festival of the leaves and flowers in the meadow, the majesty of the cedar upon the mountain's top, the tremulous satin of the lakes and the pensive azure of the skies.

The ugly one—whom we will call Leah, in memory of that sad, blear-eyed sister of Rachel, whom Laban placed with shameful cunning in Jacob's bed as the reward of seven years of labor—the ugly one understood the use of a thousand arts. She was, like the august queens who spun their clothing and their dreams upon the distaff, a true magician from whose fingers issued marvels. What fabrics, that seemed—such was their fineness—made of the very

"threads of the Virgin," or of the very substance of illusion! How many sweetmeats! They were worthy of an emperor's table. Withal, she had a fine and elegant touch for the piano and the harp.

Leah had learned very early that it was necessary to clothe her ugliness, to invest it with something, in order to make it less unpleasant to men's eyes, and she had adorned it with understanding, goodness, love. Her soul was a precious jewel, whose greatest merit consisted in a measureless instinct for sacrifice.

Leah was one of those beings filled with pity and abnegation, who always give up their share in life, and who return more naked, if possible, than others to eternity.

Such beings abound, indeed, in Hispano-American families: almost always there is in the house a *Cinderella* who yields her share to the rest and who feels happy for having done so. They are rare souls that are born tormented by a mysterious thirst for immolation, with divine longings that can never make sacrifices enough. Leah was one of such.

If she succeeded in preparing one of those savory and delicious sweetmeats that are the joy of the table, all save she enjoyed it; because she was delighted to have all try it, promising herself a taste of what was left; and ordinarily there was nothing left.

She always came too late to receive the good things, like the poet of the fable, who appeared before Jupiter after everybody else, when the entire distribution of the inheritances of the universal world had already been made.

If her sister, after having wasted what she possessed, had a whim, Leah's savings were waiting ready for her. If her sister—whom we will call Rachel, in order to exhaust the biblical simile we used at the

beginning—was guilty of a fault, Leah took upon herself the blame and received the punishment due without protest. It was always Leah who broke the plates, lost thimbles and scissors, wore out her dresses first, scorched the milk of the desserts, let herself be robbed by the servants.

Leah was always to blame: this was a settled rule of the household.

It was Leah also who slept upon the floor, on a mat, unknown to her parents; when unexpected guests arrived and a bed was needed. It was Leah who was up at dawn, taking charge of everything, moving about the house like a benediction, while the rest were lounging between the sheets, enjoying a voluptuous and intermittent matutinal prolongation of sleep.

One day, however, that soul, deprived of everything, even of desires, realized that some one was knocking at her door with insistence, and pale, she shivered: what knocked thus was love.

Among the swarm of boys that paid court to her sister—beautiful as an ecstasy—and to whom Rachel responded with an amiable and coquettish “collective” disdain, one, Carlos, perhaps guided by a secret instinct, had been withdrawing little by little from the beauty, in order to draw near directly to Leah, the poor little Leah, so silent, so ugly, so pallid and so sad, divining, perchance, the sacred jewel of her spirit.

Carlos was a boy also quiet and pensive and probably a dreamer, a poet, a sentimentalist, who began by confusing love with pity.

At first Leah was afraid, terribly afraid, of being deceived; then, following her overwhelming tendency to sacrifice, she looked everywhere in the surroundings of her life to see if any one of those who passed, in need of love, asked her for Carlos's, for the purpose of giving it to her. No one appeared in the way, however; no one was aware that Leah was the possessor of a very great affection, very great, and then the poor creature (like a beggar lad who, stumbling in the street upon a toy, turns his gaze timidly about him for fear some rich boy will claim the find and beat him, and, seeing that no one pursues him, withdraws in rapture, hugging his divine

treasure) betook herself, with her affection secreted in the chaste recesses of her soul, to the most retired corner of her life, and lifted this newborn love to her lips with an infinite unction and gave herself to kissing it gently, very gently, at first, and then like a wild thing, in an unexpected awakening of life, a prey to a great burst of longings and fears and hopes.

Did Carlos love her? Oh, yes, without a doubt! There could not be in the world a being evil enough to make sport of an ugly maiden to the extent of disturbing the mute, hermetic and bashful virginity of her soul with deceit. Carlos was not bad, and Carlos had told her that he cared for her just as she was, brown, very brown, short, very short, deformed, sickly, shrinking and miserable! She had, however, a fawn-like fear that his feeling might make itself seen, and she did not cease to plead with her generous Carlos:

“For Heaven's sake, do not tell, for Heaven's sake, let no one know,” and to herself she added: “If they knew that I possess this treasure and came to ask it of me, I should have to give it up.”

Yet no one knew of it, in spite of the fact that, even with the methodical and thorough simulation of each of them, it was so easy to discover it by merely looking into Leah's poor eyes, those eyes filled now with happiness, and which kept proclaiming it “with all their might,” as it were, throughout the house and throughout the city and throughout all her life. . . .

What came to pass was quite different and monstrous, among the daily monstrosities of existence: it turned out that Rachel began to fall in love with Carlos. Why? For a very simple reason: because Carlos was the only one who held aloof from her unspeakable charms; the only one who, without her being able to comprehend the reason, denied her complete homage, and—this is and has always been so human!—there was awakened in her, as in so many other similar cases, the caprice of the vanquisher disdained, who prepares to battle with the arsenal of all her graces, who stakes all her resources. However, the assault of beauty brought up against Carlos's unconsciousness. Then caprice changed to love.

Carlos was not aware at first of the feelings he had stirred. He was serenely absorbed in Leah's soul. At length, however, Rachel's blue eyes began to disturb him. Leah had not observed anything, either, for she loved rapturously and with absolute ecstasy. However, at last the increasing, the slowly increasing, the imperceptibly penetrating, coldness of Carlos fell upon her spirit: and one day, after many months in which Rachel's marvelous eyes and all her enchantments had done their work and in which the very difficulty and slowness of this undertaking had ended by wildly enamoring the stubborn beauty, she let escape from her lips a rebellious cry from her consciousness.

"Sister, sister, I suffer greatly; I am in love with Carlos!"

Leah, when she heard the cry, felt what the child of the simile would have felt if they had demanded of him the plaything he had found: something like a rapid and painful conviction that could be translated by these or similar words: "Of course! How could I imagine that so beautiful a thing was for me? What! Have I ever had anything in my life?"

She asked this, framing it to herself with naturalness and without the least show of anger; because the innate instinct of sacrifice, the characteristic tendency to abnegation, had banished all idea of personal rights and possessions—almost all idea of individuality—from that soul.

Nevertheless—and it must be confessed—Leah defended herself this time. She felt an impulse, a sole impulse to rebellion! It is not so easy to pluck from the heart what is now one's life, one's light, one's very substance.

"No," answered Leah; "you are not in love with Carlos;" and she was going to add: "Carlos loves me. He has told me so!" Yet she did not do it.

Rachel, embracing her, as always, when she wished to obtain something from her, gave vent to a torrent of words:

"Yes, I love him, little sister; I adore him; he is the only man I have ever loved in my life. You must help me; you must help me with father and mother and even with him, eh? You do not know how I love him!"

Leah seized upon the last weak and fluttering hope that was passing:

"But Carlos; has he said anything to you?"

No; Carlos had not yet said anything to her. Carlos was ashamed and remorseful. Carlos must be good at bottom (like all the unfaithful and deserting); but, in the first place, if he had devoted himself to Leah, it was because, being regarded with a certain disdain at the beginning by Rachel, surrounded, as she was, by lovers, it did not seem to him probable that he was loved by her; then, because Leah was so much alone and so forlorn and such a wee thing in existence, compassion clothed itself with affection. . . . Now, however, Rachel came toward him displaying all her graces, as "fair as the moon, clear as the sun and terrible as an army with banners." How could he resist her?

"I love him a great deal, little sister; help me."

Leah was mute for a few seconds, the few seconds she needed to make her offering, and then she kissed Rachel with a tender kiss, whispering in her ear:

"Yes, little sister; I will help you!"

The next day Carlos received these brief lines:

CARLOS:

My sister loves you and you love my sister; I, for my part, had fancied that I cared for you; but I was mistaken: I loved you only in Rachel's name and while she was learning. . . . Do you wish to make me happy? Then make her happy.

What I have been relating took place many years ago. Rachel married Carlos, and to-day she is a venerable grandmother. Leah, after having been a true mother to Rachel's children, for whom she always made sacrifices, became a second grandmother to the grandchildren, for whom she was also beginning to sacrifice herself.

Last spring, however, pneumonia carried her to the grave and the night on which we were watching the body, observing with sorrow that not even death, which is a great beautifier, had succeeded in bestowing beauty upon her, an old

friend of the household, and a Catholic as well, took me to the hollow of a window to say with a pious accent:

"There where you see her, it is quite possible that this good Leah may be at this very moment in hell!"

"Why?" I asked him in surprise.

"Ah!" he answered, smoothing his beard with a gesture peculiar to him; "because if she met on death's highway some wicked sinner, she would be quite capable of having passed over to him her happiness and of having herself plunged into hell in his stead for all eternity."

IF A THORN WOUNDS ME'

BY

AMADO NERVO

If a thorn wounds me, I draw back from
the thorn,
But I do not hate the thorn!

If some baseness,
Filled with envy, thrusts me with its darts
of malice,
My feet in silence turn aside and make their
way
To an air of purer love and charity.

Rancor? To what end? Did good e'er
spring from rancor?
Nor does it stanch wounds, either, nor set
aught evil right.
Hardly has my rose-tree time to bear its
flowers;
It wastes no precious sap on pricking
spines.

If my enemy passes near my rose-tree,
He shall pluck from it the buds of sweetest
perfume;
And if he spies in them some vivid red,
It will be the red of blood that his malevo-
lence
Of yesterday drew by wounding me with
hatred and assault,
And which the rose-tree, changed into a
flower of peace, returns.

Translated from the volume *Elevación* (1917).

REJOICE

BY

AMADO NERVO

IF YOU are small, rejoice; for your smallness serves as a foil for the largeness of others throughout the universe; because this smallness constitutes the essential reason for their largeness; and because, for them to be large, they have need that you should be small, just as the mountain, to stand out, must rise among hills, ridges and peaks.

If you are large, rejoice; because the invisible is revealed in you in a more excellent way; for you are one of the eternal architect's successes.

If you are well, rejoice; because in you the forces of nature have reached maturity and harmony.

If you are ill, rejoice; for there are fighting in your organism contrary forces, which perhaps are seeking a beautiful

result; because in you is striving that divine alchemist called Pain.

If you are rich, rejoice for all the favors that fate has placed in your hands, that you may dispense them.

If you are poor, rejoice; because your wings will be lighter, and life will keep you less pinioned; for the Father will work in you, more readily than in the rich, the dear periodical miracle of the daily bread.

Rejoice, if you love; because you are more like God than others.

Rejoice, if you are loved; because there is in this a wonderful predestination.

Rejoice, if you are small; rejoice, if you are large; rejoice, if you are in good health; rejoice, if you have lost it; if you are poor, rejoice. Rejoice, if you are loved; if you love, rejoice. Rejoice always, always rejoice.

I AM ALL

BY

AMADO NERVO

I am all an act of faith.

I am all a fire of love.

In my spacious forehead read,
In my eagle eyes look well;
FAITH'S five letters thou wilt find,
And the radiant four of LOVE!

If thou waverest, if in thy mouth
A *why* should leave its bitter gall,
Come to me; I convince, I *know*.
My life is my best argument.
I am all an act of faith.
I am all a fire of love.

¹Translated from the volume *Elevación* (1917).

THE SOUL OF AMADO NERVO

BY

NAPOLEÓN ACEVEDO

An analytical study in which the author seems to have penetrated to the real Nervo: the highly gifted artist, interested in depth of feeling, beauty of thought and boldness and splendor of imagery, rather than in mellifluous rhythms and the stringing together of verbal gems upon a common thread; and the pessimist—as every great poet has been, he thinks—making a brave fight to be a helpful optimist. The unstinted praise in which the article abounds may be deemed sincere, and not tainted with obituary fulsome ness, since it was written before the poet's untimely death.—THE EDITOR.

MODERNISM—which had as its inaug urators: in Colombia, José Asunción Silva, a poet with a Wertherian soul, whose Apollonian head yielded to the weight of a hazy philosophy; in México, Gutiérrez Nájera, who in many of his verses excelled, in loftiness of thought and depth of sorrow, his spiritual master, Alfred de Musset; and which then culminated marvelously in that prodigy of exquisiteness and unique harmonies named Rubén Darío—counted in its ranks, although a little later, the author of *Perlas negras*, this Amado Nervo, with a spacious forehead, a friarly profile and the eyes of a hawk, in whose soul were fused—as in an unreal crucible of beauty—catholic passion, ecstatic rapture, the whiteness of angelic wings and the devouring red flame of carnal desires.

Nervo's modernism reached the limits of audacity. Had he been born in France, Verlaine would have included him among those of the celebrated *Balade des poëts decadents*. Recall that madrigal of his, after the manner of Duplessies:

*Tu blancura es reina,
Tu blancura reina.¹*

Many of the verses of *Perlas negras* and *Místicas* reveal a temperament possessed of a very dangerous thirst for originality, that is, for originality at the expense of beauty and truth, as happened with many of the French poets of 1885, who sought to put the tinsel wings of the butterfly upon their verses rather than the agile wings of the eagle. Nervo, like all the great

poets of our America, has suffered from the influence of the Gallic soul. French literature has made its influence felt, not only in Spain and America and other Latin countries, but even in Germany and remote Greece. Émile Verhaeren was the master of the new literary generation beyond the Rhine, and upon the wings of Jean Moréas's French verses, the enchanting soul of Paris flew toward the sleeping metopes of the Parthenon. It is because in no language can things be said so delicately as in French. If we strike a kind of balance, we shall find that the French language, although so poor, surpasses ours in refinement and vagueness, which are the characteristics of true poetry. The French, with almost all their words accented on the last syllable and full of monotonous rhythms, obtain what we—Spaniards, Englishmen, Italians, etc.—never secure, in spite of the richness and picturesqueness of our languages. A French writer says that this is due, not precisely to what we might call a want in the language, but to the Benvenutine burin of the Academy.

Amado Nervo was for a long time pessimistic, doleful, overcast by melancholy, but recently he has turned optimist, so absolute an optimist that in affairs of least importance are revealed the great hope and impregnable faith that fill his soul.

Renan affirmed that pain debases souls, and Baudelaire, that pain is the only nobility. Amado Nervo thinks neither like the one nor the other, although he is nearer to the author of *Les fleurs du mal* than to Renan.

His poetry, in spite of its optimistic character, is sad. Nervo—and pardon

¹Thy whiteness is a queen,
Thy whiteness queens it.—THE EDITOR.

me, O great poet—is not sincerely optimistic. Those cries of

Forward, close thine eyes and charge,
are, if not false, at least foreign to his soul.

Nervo, the optimist, reminds me of those timid children who, when they enter some dark place, sing to drive fear away by creating for themselves the illusion that their own voices are the voices of others who accompany them. Nervo said once:

He who has suffered more than I have, let him lift his voice and speak.

That is the true Nero.

I do not hold that the great poets must be the exalters of life. The case of Walt Whitman—who was not so merry as is generally believed—is rare. Almost all the poets who have sung of the joy of living, of force, of will, have been mediocre. Genius is sad. Life is tears, tragedy, disillusion; and pleasure, hope and joy are nothing but the thin coating of sugar we are permitted to partake of by our great sorrows, as if they were colossal pills. What Nervo sings about life is not precisely the joyful part. He, like children in dark rooms, gives himself to crying: "I am not afraid, I am happy," but he is trembling with terror in the presence of the Sadness that has laid hold of him absolutely, like an hysterical female.

Through the veins of this poet flow certain drops of haughty Indian blood, and therefore Nervo, like that cluster of sorrows that hung from the cross upon the summit of Calvary, will be sad to the very end.

His studies in Hindu philosophy, his excursions in the Ramayana, have given him to understand that it is a sin to be sad, that our hatreds may, without our being aware of it, occasion criminal acts in innocent souls. Nervo learned to be an optimist when he appeared at the enchanted well of the Orient. Buddha told him that only he who has no desires can be well off everywhere.

Nervo's optimism has rather the flavor of renunciation, of the clear conviction that all is vanity of vanities, than of the joy of living.

Elevación, Serenidad and Plenitud, marvelous fruits of his autumn, are the greatest cries of beauty that our hearts have ever heard in Spain and America.

While Rubén Darío lived, Amado Nervo occupied the second place in Spanish lyric poetry, according to the most of the critics: for me, Nervo has always been the first poet of America, in the psychical world, as Chocano is, in the objective realm.

Darío was only such a poet as Théodore de Banville and Théophile Gautier would wish poets to be—an admirable framer of beautiful words, luminous rhythms—although the inside might be only straw or simply void. Rubén was nothing more than a poet of studied music and harmonies, of *poses*, but never the true poet, the one who sets his sorrowing and bleeding soul to palpitate between the nerves of the rimes. Nervo likes form, but above all, he likes to say something, to produce, not the fugitive sweetness of difficult consonants and rare words, but thoughts that will cause us to meditate and will fill us with an adorable spiritual restlessness.

The most convincing proof that Darío was only a poet of words we have in the twelve poems translated into English by Salomón de la Selva,² in which Darío appears so poor, so ridiculous, that I felt ashamed in the presence of a North American poetess who said to me: "Is this your best poet?"

Of course it must be admitted that the translator did everything possible to cause Rubén to appear lamentably before the English speaking public. This would not happen to Nervo. However bad the translator might be, and even if it were a question of the monosyllabic rudeness of the Turkoman, the poetry of Amado Nervo would never lose its depth of thought, nor the unmistakable aroma of spontaneity and beauty that characterizes it. Nervo was, is and will continue to be the loftiest poet of the Castilian language.

²The poems alluded to were eleven: they were published in Spanish and English by the Hispanic Society of America, and they were all translated by Salomón de la Selva except one of the longest, which was put into English by Thomas Walsh—THE EDITOR.

THE RENEWAL OF METAPHYSICS ACCORDING TO JOSÉ INGENIEROS

BY

ARMANDO DONOSO

A sympathetic and commen^ttary study of the Argentine psychologist's belief that metaphysics will never cease to occupy the attention of thinkers, but that it has a permanent function and that its renewal, with a restatement of all the problems in the light of increased knowledge, is highly necessary. The author concludes that: "As long as experimental control shall not be complete, not only because of the temporary insufficiency of scientific methods, but because the experiential possibility will always be less than the variability of the principles that govern the physical world, there will be need of the hypothetical knowledge of ultimate problems, which will continue to be the object of the ceaseless approximations of philosophy; and this justifies the teaching of metaphysical reasoning and its necessary renewal in dealing with the problems that transcend the domains of experience."—THE EDITOR.

MUST the problem of the unknowable always continue to be a *terra incognita*, which human effort will never succeed in penetrating? Is the veil of Isis that hides the unknown never to fall before the victories of science, which seeks to fathom the very origin of life? In spite of those who affirm that beyond the physical we are only permitted to sound the depths of the metaphysical, it is proper to ask: Can it be that, because the present scientific methods are not yet sufficient to clear up the obscure unknown of the first vital synthesis, it would be just to speak of the limitations of physics, when it has had hardly a century of existence? If the value of science in relation to a relatively short time begins to be measured, it will be possible to speak of its limitations whenever they refer to the duration of this or that human life; but if science be considered as in constant evolution, as an indefinite progress, accomplishing its verifications in an unlimited perspective, without heeding the feverish disquietudes of those who subordinate its finality to definite and immediate results, much is to be expected of it, before doubting as to its present victories and its possible achievements. No one can assure us that the unknowable of to-day may not be the knowable of to-morrow, and that its future measures will not succeed in recording even the notions of the most remote causality. Philosophy has attempted to penetrate everything and science to

explain everything to itself, without their proofs being even the expression of a synthesis definitive or, if you will, approximate, of ultimate truth. The scientific method is not sufficiently perfected to justify a claim to removing rapidly the veil from the obscure *terra incognita* of the vital sources and to exploring the true secret of what still eludes experience. The universe, in its continuous mutable relations, presents itself as a Protean field of experience in which the stability that would render absolute knowledge possible does not exist.

Temporarily we may speak of the limitations of science, inasmuch as its teachings are limited to a slow progress, if they are taken in relation to human life. In the same way, the problem of philosophy will continue to be reduced to the necessary postulate which was formulated by the disciples of Aristotle, when they set up the claim that metaphysics begins where the realm of physics ends: or that form of knowledge which enables one to rise from what is accessible to experience to the notion of the absolute, reproduced by medieval philosophy and by the later schools down to the advent of scientific philosophy.

Let God be the name assigned to the first causes, the infinite, the absolute, or whatever has been held to be inaccessible to human understanding, and the value of these problems, which were falsely stated, will always be the same, and the artificial hypotheses will not have progressed greatly by exchanging their names for others that

are termed equilibrium, first synthesis or cosmic will, as long as they shall continue to be temporarily as inexperiential as the former, and only means of successive approximations, until scientific measures shall have reached a reliable total perfection.

Until the present hour our philosophy has treated the problem of cognition according to two probabilities: either it shrank before it and declined to investigate its sources, since it considered it an inexperiential problem; or it approached it by the aid of scientific methods. Medieval metaphysics confined itself to a summary, representative knowledge of the universe, groping about with the timidity imposed by the limitations of that which is beyond the range of the intellect, and reducing all its uncertainties to a complete finality. Modern science, on the contrary, entered into the living womb of reality itself, seeking to explain what metaphysics declared inaccessible to experience and to all later knowledge. These two reasons are easily comprehensible: the first of them could be explained on purely psychological grounds, since the problem of cognition is nothing more than an essentially subjective question; while the second implies a sense of something impersonal, which has nothing to do with affective-moral expediencies.

Starting with Lamarck, Lavoisier and Darwin, philosophy began to base its speculations upon the teachings of science, thus rendering possible a complete renovation of its methods; and, in proportion as its victories multiplied, it withdrew more and more from every metaphysical idea. After centuries* of futile groping and barren systems, of undeniable intellectual interest, philosophy entered its true speculative realm, based upon exact notions.

The eighteenth century and the first part of the nineteenth century were the great renewers of the philosophical problems. The encyclopedists announced this dawn; Diderot gave a glimpse in that genial posthumous page, *Le rêve d'Alembert*, of what was later to be the soul of scientific philosophy: evolutionism.

Nevertheless, in spite of the advances of science, effected in less than a century, during which not only all the problems of the

understanding were renewed, but also all the branches of science, thus making possible the study of nature and life, there were not wanting tremulous voices from the rear, those of the eternal skeptics who lived in nostalgia for what *was* and in fear of what *was to be*, who had their hopes always fixed upon the conviction that all past time was better, as if it were not a sign of weariness upon the march, according to the opportune saying of Ingenieros, to stop to gaze at the road already traveled; there were not lacking those eternal discontents that everywhere proclaimed the failure of science, because it had not fulfilled its promises of clearing up the *terra incognita* of final causes, as if it were possible to conceive that one century alone would be enough for physics or chemistry to solve the problem of the universal mechanics of a myriad of objective conceptions. Science may be able to contribute to better conditions of living—those who proclaimed its bankruptcy said to themselves—but it will not be capable of penetrating the finality of the great causes or the eternal secrets of the *how* and *why*; and, since to doubt is the same as to deny, those who doubted thought they would go still further by supporting the possibility of a leap backward, some violent reaction in philosophy. It was not even a spiritualistic reaction—that which made itself felt—but a series of defections among writers and thinkers and the advent of two or three philosophers whose doctrines were more interesting than important. In many of them, the circumstantial doubt at once became systematic doubt; and whether it were in the name of a compliant pragmatism or of an elegant intuitive modality, knowledge found its limits and science its barrier.

That converts like Brunetière and Joergensen, Darwinians and evolutionists in their first period; that thinkers like Boutroux or Bergson; that psychologists like William James and Eucken; and esthetes like Benedetto Croce should seek in their emotional representations and their Hegelian disquietudes a satisfaction of their doubts and tranquillity for their finalistic cavilings, could surprise no one. The abjuration of a man of science, a speculator fresh from the laboratory, a biologist, a

chemist, a physicist, could have been regarded as a beginning of incertitude, even if it had not been of much importance in respect of the destiny and progress of science. For there is no religion without apostasies, nor progress without skeptics, nor victories without defections.

Science has now entered upon its purely experimental stage, with absolute impersonality, opposed in all senses to what was, until a short time ago, philosophy: that is, teaching of a purely subjective origin, which has been debated for centuries, whether subordinated to theological metaphysics or as an enunciation of ethics, rather than knowledge. Gone, happily, are the days of blind dogmatism that made subterfuge not only possible but necessary among philosophers. The free examination and free discussion of all doctrines will no longer build relentless fires of torture for new Torquemadas. The welfare of the present democracies inheres in a longing for truth and justice, and if at times Caliban went so far in their name as the crime of lese-humanity, they were the inevitable aberrations frequent in every process of maturation. Yet who will assure us that time, of which Plato besought crowns of roses, will not work the miracle of causing a pair of wings to sprout to-morrow upon the deformed shoulders of the monster of vile instincts?

It is possible at present to study the reality of the perceptible world, not now through the theological lens or for purely ethical purposes, but by taking our stand upon scientific teaching as an attribute of knowledge and as a measure of experience. In the physical realm—taking the physical in its broadest sense, as the sum and complete expression of the objective world—the value man is not more important than the value atom or the value equilibrium. When philosophy is placed at a point disinterestedly scientific, it can dispense with all flattering subjectivism and it can attempt the study of nature and life according to a continuously evolving norm, separating the experiential from the temporarily inexperience; the physical from whatever—because of its not being verified yet by scientific proof—is for many sentimental minds something rationally metaphysical.

After the crisis of positivism, which was presented as a frank pragmatist doctrine—a deliberate renouncement of every explanation that does not come within the range of experience—and considering the possible future achievements of the scientific method, it is proper to ask one's self: What is to be the position of the philosophy of the future? Is a spiritualistic reaction conceivable? Can we await the fancied return to Kant that Kuno Fischer besought? Ought we to believe in a return to pure ethicism? Is philosophy to continue to be a simple speculative teaching based upon science, or will there be an inevitable renewal of metaphysics, not now of an outworn ontology subordinated to theological authority or a moral categorical imperative, but of metaphysics conceived of in the classic Aristotelian sense, that is, as an imperative need to consider that there exist problems which temporarily transcend experience and can be attacked by means of hypothetical explanations.

As one who is attempting a revision of values, in the precise moments in which there is talk of a crisis in philosophy, because of positive advances in psychology, in ethics, in the social and natural sciences, in physics, chemistry and mathematics, behold, a fertile American thinker, José Ingenieros,¹ who has devoted a lifetime to the study of the sciences and to philosophical speculations, seeking to conciliate with lofty and mature wisdom the antinomies that separate the philosophers at the present moment. He has presented to the Academia de Filosofía y Letras of Buenos Aires his propositions relative to the future of philosophy,² in which he affirms his belief in a possible revival of metaphysics, while considering the fate of doctrines that will be deemed legitimate within one, two or more centuries.

¹For biographical data, see INTER-AMERICA for June, 1918, page 258, and his article, "The Sentimental Personality," page 261 of the same number, and also "A Moral Catechism for Americans," by José Sixto de Sola, which is an interpretation of Ingenieros's *Hombre mediocre*, in the number of February, 1919, page 176.—THE EDITOR.

²*Proposiciones relativas al porvenir de la filosofía*, presented to the Academia de Filosofía y Letras of Buenos Aires when J. Ingenieros was constituted a titular member, published by the Talleres Gráficos Argentinos of L. J. Rosso y Compañía, Buenos Aires, 1918.

Seldom, as in the case of this volume of Ingenieros's—it would only be necessary to recall Le Dantec, that implacable demolisher of prejudices—was the problem of philosophy set forth with more independence and less subservience to traditionalisms of any kind. Never, perhaps, did a critic of the history of philosophy charge upon the phantoms of all the consecrated systems, while shielding himself behind the logic of the sciences, with clearer and fuller consciousness of the truth, for the purpose of attempting a finalistic revision of values, free of all preconceived trammels.

In a certain way, Ingenieros reminds us in the work—which certain of his former books already permitted us to glimpse, above all, in what relates to the announcements of the bankruptcy of many historical systems—of Giovanni Papini in that angry dissection of Kant, Hegel and Nietzsche (*Il crepuscolo dei filosofi*). However, it is just to recognize that while the Italian thinker destroys with the polemist's savage pleasure, with all the fire of his invective and with that vigorous dialectic that reduces all values to ruins, Ingenieros founds a system upon a disintegrated wall; he tears down in order to build up; he is implacable, but he is logical and just. He wishes his logic and his justice to be the exclusive fruit of his interest in the truth: he proceeds, not like the idealogist of *El piloto ciego*, but according to the rule that scientific teaching imposes upon him. Not a logician *per se* nor an easy sentimental, he marches toward the truth for the purpose of discovering it, with a constant desire to draw nearer, rather than impelled by a longing to place himself behind a mirage of it.

A long as well as a continuous scientific experience and a lively, vitalizing restlessness, which have carried him from the physico-natural to the medico-biological sciences; from the dry work of the laboratory to the lofty speculations of psychology; from frequent contact with social problems to a broad study of the history of philosophy, indicate the seriousness and interest of the work of this thinker, who is an honor to the still incipient Ibero-American philosophical culture and whose books have gone beyond the frontiers and

crossed the seas, to occupy the attention of masters like Ribot and Ostwald.³

One of Ingenieros's works would be sufficient—for, what irony! it is only possible to read it in Alcan's edition, because, the edition in Spanish having been exhausted some years ago, it can be found only in the French translation—to cause us to consider him, not now as a simple student of talent, but also as an interesting thinker. We allude to *Le langage musical et les troubles hystériques*, a book which by itself could justify a reputation. How many are there not—and among them even Argentines themselves—who, because they are not acquainted with this work—a model of musical erudition and scientific knowledge—and not a few of his best works, permit themselves to speak lightly of the author of *Principios de psicología*? Yet, since this volume might constitute for many but slight intellectual pabulum, if it be a question of methodical students, there stand a dozen of his works upon the social sciences, psychology, ethics and literature, as the highest exponents of serious labor, the like of which is not to be found in America.

He who has devoted a whole lifetime to investigation, philosophical speculation and scientific experiment, accomplishing both in the library and in the laboratory, the daily tasks demanded by the most varied studies in the exact sciences, and who possesses the authority of a continuous scientific experience; who knows all methods and has tested the possibilities of the larger numbers of the hypotheses, going to the very bottom of the most arduous

³Many of the books of Ingenieros have been translated: *La simulación en la lucha por la vida* was put into Italian and French; *Criminología*, into Italian, and from that language it was done into Spanish in Perú; *La simulación de la locura*, into Russian, French and Italian; *Principios de psicología* has been translated into French and German; *La patología del lenguaje musical* was translated into French. So much for his major works; many of his other studies, of a less pretentious character, have been commented upon and also translated into English, French and Italian. Besides the editions of his books brought out in Buenos Aires, the larger part of his works have been published in the Peninsula by Jorro, Sempere, Renacimiento, Editorial América, Editorial Cervantes, Colección Rubén Darío (the last two, it should be said in passing, without previous authorization, which has moved Ingenieros to formulate an energetic protest in his *Revista de Filosofía*).

problems, has abundant right, not only to justify a criticism of values based upon science, but also to give weight to a philosophical method of his own. So therefore his propositions relative to the future of philosophy possess the importance of a new logical system by means of which he outlines the possibility of a conciliatory renewal of pure metaphysics, at the precise moment in which an attempted spiritualistic reaction is preparing the way for subtle and eloquent effusions, dear to minds that thirst for an unquiet ideality, and that observe the victories of science with the same fear as that with which the primitive Christians beheld the wholesome and virile reality of paganism.

What metaphysical problems have been set forth, solved and renewed by those agile sophists who, in the name of a certain interesting spiritualism, have attempted to limit the range of knowledge or have gone so far as to set up as a transcendental teaching an essentially emotional faculty. Inheritors of decaying systems, they could not free themselves entirely from scholastic traditions, thus contributing more and more to obscure the paths that would have led them to the truth. While Kant strove to renew the old metaphysics by lifting it out of its theological slavery, in order to subordinate it to an ethical tyranny, with a view to strengthening its social efficiency, those who came after him did no more than review the ancient values by surrendering themselves to the erudite glossing of stale hypotheses or to interpreting or narrating the results of the speculations of others.

May it be considered that the advances of science have definitely freed metaphysics from theology and ethics? Is it possible also to imagine a conciliation between metaphysics and science?

Philosophy being now separated from ancestral superstitions, unfriendly to all affective exaltation and finding refuge only in the critical teaching of logic, Ingenieros believes the resurrection of metaphysics will bring as a consequence the renewal of all the problems that were formerly presented falsely, thus rendering possible the study of even all those that seemed unsolvable, with no claim to solving them

completely, however, but for the purpose of approaching them by paths less and less insecure, seeking thus to arrive at a knowledge of the most apparently inaccessible truths, by means of the elimination of those methods that have been patently fruitless, and by avoiding points of departure that are logically unacceptable.

The temporary insufficiency of the scientific method hinders us still, and it will perhaps continue to hide from us, for a long time and behind a thick veil, much of what still exists as measurable in the universe. Is it logical, however, to believe that the future physics will not succeed in recording, to the extent of its experiences, the most exact notions of all that is still beyond cognition? It is only possible to entertain a doubt in this respect, and a sole circumstance may cause us to consider the relativity of the cognitive problem: the universe is nothing but a totality of eternally variable relations, and thus mutability renders all exact measurement impossible, since scientific teaching will be continuously insufficient in the face of those changing relations. Absolute knowledge would only be possible by presupposing a state of complete inertia; or, according to the affirmation of Ingenieros: the "cosmic equilibrium in which the most infinitesimal of relations would not be modified." As such an hypothesis turns out to be absurd whenever it runs counter to the most elementary laws of the physical world, we ought to believe only that the possibilities of experience will always be less than the variability of its objects, which justifies continuously "the permanency of the inexperienceable outside the experiential;" because, if the perfectibility of experience will always be unlimited, and the relations of the universe ceaselessly variable, the notion of complete knowledge can never exist, hypothetical explanations only being made possible, and hence the existence of metaphysics. The problems will continue to vary, and in turn the metaphysical concept will evolve toward possibilities approximative of knowledge, more and more efficient, and the progress of philosophy will be translated each day into a surer elimination of false problems, which are survivals of the

common belief accepted by the philosophers.

Medieval metaphysics was subordinated to philosophy, as the Kantian metaphysics was, to ethics. The three classic problems: God, human liberty and the immortality of the soul, are considered by scientific philosophy as a mere survival of theological morality. It is not that these three problems, which formed the cornerstone of classic metaphysics, should be considered defective because of their content. No; we ought merely to hold that they were falsely stated, due to the constant hypocrisy of the philosophers, for whom metaphysics was always a simple *ancilla theologiae*: which explains the reason why these problems must be renewed at the present hour, if they be looked at from a true and logical point of view.

In the history of philosophy, the problem of morality was subordinated to the affirmation of God, the proofs of which were, and will continue to be, a simple object of religious belief; the problem of the soul and that of freedom have become at present problems of the spirit, and they are set forth as neither more nor less than problems of existence, the extreme being reached of confusing the soul with reason and of speaking of contingency and indeterminism.

The content of these problems was experientially undemonstrable, in which respect they differed essentially from the scientific problems, accessible by means of hypotheses demonstrable by experience. Thus the problem of God contained metaphysical problems that transcended the physico-mathematical sciences; that of the immortality of the soul was subordinated to problems that transcended the biological and psychological sciences; and the problem of freedom implied a sense of problems that escaped the physico-mathematical and psychological teachings.

The false statement therefore reduced the legitimate problems to the domain of the illegitimate, so that it would be proper to affirm that the experiential was conditioned by the inexperience and the physical by the metaphysical. Experience may not claim to pronounce upon the truth of what has to do with the inexperience;

but it must limit itself to proving the illegitimacy of certain problems. While all that may be the object of experimentation in respect of science is investigable by recourse to method, metaphysics will be limited merely to formulating inexperience hypotheses upon what temporarily escapes cognition.

While scientific hypotheses hold their proofs subordinate to demonstration by experience, the metaphysical only seek to be logical, thus evading the experiential. Where science does not succeed, with its experiential hypotheses, the metaphysical hypotheses begin, and they extend legitimately into the realm of the immeasurable inexperience.

Metaphysics will not become to-day what it was in the middle ages—an obscure ontology—but conversely, it will manifest itself as a continuous form of approximate knowledge, based upon inexperience hypotheses.

How can there be formulated an inexperience hypothesis, and upon what will its legitimacy be based? The methods undertaken hitherto have always alternated between a negative and a positive value: while the former tended to separate from the truth, the latter brought nearer to it. The classic philosophers were wont to use them together, although in an arbitrary manner. Alien to all logic, the negative methods used to formulate inexperience hypotheses depended either upon the possibility of knowing the truth by means of certain extraordinary men's own revelations or upon exalting intuition to a faculty of cognition. Both that mystical teaching and this pretended dialectic method constituted a sole and unique scientific negation, which renewed, to a certain extent, the systems of medieval theology, they being thus removed from the legitimacy of the present metaphysical hypotheses, since the latter have had no other value than that of synthetic judgments of probability, based upon the sum of analytical knowledge which is in accordance with results held to be less insecure in the domain of experience transcended by hypothesis, and subordinated to its non-contradiction of equally legitimate inexperience hypotheses in

other experiential domains transcended by them.

The future metaphysics will not present itself then as a synthesis of the sciences, in the sense in which positivism might understand it, nor as a vague mystical divination, but, the inexperiential being the object of the hypotheses, it will remain outside the sciences; yet "the inexperiential being," says Ingenieros, "conditioned by the experiential, the legitimacy of its hypotheses is not independent of the sciences;" it being possible, in short, to reach the definition that metaphysics will have as its object to formulate legitimate hypotheses upon inexperiential problems.

The future metaphysical system, which will be composed of all the hypotheses that converge toward a coherent explanation of the inexperiential, will be characterized: first, by its aspiration after a continuous and indefinite perfectibility, replacing the closed systems, which had as a basis fixed and definite truths, by an open system, based upon approximations that will be ceaselessly corrected; second, by its antidogmatism, since its theses will be hypothetical, rectifiable as soon as contradictions of the results of experience shall occur; and third, by its impersonality, since the greatest number of activities will work together in its results, the personal effort being a simple contribution that will be mingled with the broad outline of the continuously perfectible hypothesis.

So then the future metaphysical system will assume a transcendence of all the appreciable forms of experience, since they are limited by the inexperiential problems, and it will be more ample than all the systems of the past, because the increase of the knowledge of which they are the object of experience will admit of a better statement of the problems that transcend it and of the multiplication of the number of legitimate hypotheses that seek to explain them. In this way, all the sciences will yield to metaphysics in the study of the problems for which their methods are insufficient, thus contributing by their aid to enrich it, while it will come to be a complete synthetic expression of philosophy, which begins to elaborate its hypotheses

where all the sciences set their limits, so that it may constitute the most perfect, complete and harmonious system of incessantly perfectible hypotheses.

Such are the propositions relative to the future of philosophy that will render possible a renovation of metaphysics, as presented by José Ingenieros to the Academia de Filosofía y Letras of Buenos Aires, and which indicates, in the work of the illustrious Argentine thinker, a fruitful stage of a very interesting renewal. Prepared now, as he is, by a steady labor of scientific experience, for the highest philosophical speculations, and being an erudite scholar in all the problems, he has an undeniable right to begin to accomplish his fruitful personal work, no longer of simple criticism and a revision of values, but of an original character of his own. Some of his recent books already constitute a clear announcement of the completion of his period of scientific experience with the achievements and teachings of others. The necessary apprenticeship of the man of science had ended, with the devotion of a laborious youth and a period of maturity entirely consecrated to study. When he terminated his university career, he set out to form the prolegomena of his future work; to lay the first stone of the edifice which, upon some not remote morrow, perhaps, we shall see crowned with rich philosophical achievements that will be, as it were, the flowering of the tree whose cultivation demanded continuous care before its roots should reach the bosom of the earth to wrest from it an abundance of seasoned fruitage:

Lessened by all the philosophers worthy of the name, I have supposed that philosophical reflections could only be the natural outcome of my scientific studies, and that the validity of this outcome would depend, in the first place, upon the amplitude of my studies.

Behold then, the beginning of this new stage in the career of this curious pilgrim of all ideas and all speculations who, turned again to his own abode, leaves the herd, the staff and the lamp, and kindles, with his love of home, the propitious flame. He has already traveled the world, known

far countries, enjoyed the acid fruit of the tree of science, and now, a new Ulyssiad accomplished, like Voltaire's Cándido, he comes to find shelter in his garden, that he may utter the truth, the simple truth, of his experience.

His first truth will be a serene and interesting truth, although not new. He is going to try to prove to us that the renewal of metaphysics in modern philosophy is needed: the need of its perennity as a hypothetical explanation of all those problems that transcend human experience. Does he then claim to have made of it a science by antonomasia, as the pre-Kantians and the post-Kantians already attempted to do? By no means, for he knows full well how far we are at present from reaching the belief, like Lachelier, that the principle of things is hidden in our cognition, back of an impenetrable night, through which it is only given us to penetrate when sheltered by a fundamental belief in duty, in order to undertake the exhumation of a teaching that will merely contribute to obscure the problem of knowledge, rather than to cast upon it a ray of light. Ingenieros knows too well, thanks to the exercise of his continuous experience, that the problem of philosophy at the present moment is that of a knowledge more and more nearly approaching the truth, no longer by means of a simple syllogistic examination, but by a scientific speculation that excludes all sentimental divagation, all vain intoxication over the infinite—interesting as emotional manifestations and useless as the teachings of knowledge; that not for nothing is the rational less attractive than the mystical, and the tyranny of fact less propitious to imaginative flights than every easy outpouring of the intellect, than every expansion of our ego through the perceptible universe and the probable infinite, and the scientific method less easy for all capricious vagueness than the Hegelian categories of the ideal.

Nevertheless, as in all progress, the lure of possibilities is wont to be an effective stimulus, Ingenieros admits that, while the inexperience exists, we ought to strive to approach the truth by means of logically legitimate hypothetical explanations. The

importance of such explanations will be based upon the sum of cognitions deemed least uncertain, so that in the same proportion as exact knowledge will exist probable knowledge, the hypothesis that shall always render accessible the attainment of the truth, the approximation that shall be a nexus between the legitimately experiential and the logically inexperience. Neither more nor less than in the domain of mathematics—and let us not forget that mathematics ought to be considered as the language of science—will this be a formula of the calculation of probabilities applied to the objective knowledge of the universe.

The corner-stone upon which rests the hypothetical explanation of the inexperience consists, according to Ingenieros, in the limitation of the experiential. It is necessary, however, to observe that he does not conceive of an absolute limitation, the definitely inaccessible, but of the temporarily immeasurable. He will never go so far as to think, with Fouillée of the *quid proprium* that made him see in things an element of substantial difference, but while advance is made in the sense of being able to reduce all phenomena to ordinary laws, he holds—as a mathematician could admit—that the hypothetical possibility must be an assured *conditio cognoscendi* in the man of science and in the philosopher.

In a way, Ingenieros holds that the metaphysics of the future will be, as it were, the prolongation of the scientific method in the daily acquirement of knowledge: the concept of inexperience logic—an expression of metaphysical methodology—will be based upon hypotheses that will have to be considered in accordance with the results that are deemed least uncertain in the experiential realm; that is, it will be justified by the sum of analytical cognitions. This logic will involve a transcendence of all the forms of experience, "inasmuch as all border upon inexperience problems," says Ingenieros, even if the affirmation might have been more scientific by considering only the temporarily inexperience problems, since every day the advances of science will unite to prove its unlimited range, as it achieves its victories in direct accord with time, of which the prog-

ress attained in a century is still a meagre expression.

Why say then that metaphysics, constituted as a philosophy, will begin to elaborate its hypotheses at they ery point where all the sciences fix the bounds of their particular horizons? Can there exist, however, a chemist, a biologist, a physicist, who would dare to fix bounds to his own scientific teaching; one who would not trust in its indefinite perfectibility, in which the impossible of to-day will be the possible of to-morrow? What scientific finality—as it may not be one of perfection—could be pursued by an investigator who encountered in advance an impassable limitation? Will there perhaps be a science that shall content itself with being the science of simple, isolated data, and that shall not aspire to reach generalizations based upon relations of causality and substantial continuity? The history of the individual, for example, is not that of an isolated fact, an independent datum, but that of a continuous phenomenon, subjected to the influence of the factors that inhere in it and of factors outside of it, the complete knowledge of which presupposes that of the whole perceptible world.

Returning, however, to our starting point, it is necessary to ask: What interest for scientific philosophy can there be in a renewal of metaphysics, in the sense in which it is attempted, with laudable success, by José Ingenieros? Will he perhaps push back the horizon of logical knowledge by appealing to hypothetical possibilities that not only shall not run counter to the results of science, but that shall be at the same time an anticipation of it? What would be the advance in the problem of knowledge? If the only criterion of truth is to consist solely in ex-

perimental verification, why should one crave other results than those of experience?

However and in spite of everything, those who, like Ingenieros, are not content with the mere results of experience in their speculative inquiries are right, since there exists something more than the simple immediate verification, when one goes in search of the truth. The philosopher strives to attain to greater knowledge, desiring to become acquainted with the very nature of all that occasions his longings and with the qualities of truth itself. In this part is now justified every metaphysical possibility and every logical aspiration, for if the knowledge of the truth constitutes the basis of philosophy, the study of the means and the principles that have made such a knowledge possible are not less fundamental.

As long as experimental control shall not be complete, not only because of the temporary insufficiency of scientific methods, but also because the experiential possibility will always be less than the variability of the principles that govern the physical world, there will be need of the hypothetical knowledge of ultimate problems, which will continue to be the object of the ceaseless approximations of philosophy; and this justifies the teaching of metaphysical reasoning and its necessary renewal in dealing with the problems that transcend the domains of experience.

Such a conception is far removed from the metaphysics attempted by the classic philosophers, since this one is no more than an approach to the logical possibilities of the sciences, neither more nor less than mathematical calculation, a form of rational anticipation that may be verified by experience in its later achievements.



RIO DE JANEIRO

BY

C. M.

This sketch is one of a series of articles upon the great cities of America, published in the magazine from which it was taken. It would be impossible, of course, adequately to describe, in these brief pages, or, indeed, in any number of pages, the most beautiful spot in the world. The author, however, gives some idea of the materialities of the city, particularly with reference to its remarkable development during the last two decades, and of its history and institutions.—THE EDITOR.

BEIDES being a fine example of construction and civic organization, the handsome capital of Brazil attracts the attention of the visitor chiefly as an object of rare beauty. It is not that there are lacking in Rio de Janeiro the well known aspects of intensive manufacture and commerce, so usual in all modern aggregations, but all this appears there fused into the harmonious whole of a brilliant and flowery tropical city.

HISTORY

Founded by Portuguese colonists, the city grew slowly at first. In 1648, it had only three streets, and it was far from rivaling Bahia, at that time the capital. The marshlands continued to dry out, and new streets were added, with the arrival of more immigrants, to such an extent that the little city had the honor to be proclaimed the capital of the viceroyalty of Brazil in 1763. In 1822, by means of a peaceful revolution, Brazil declared her independence, becoming an empire, under the scepter of Dom Pedro, the leader of the revolution. He was succeeded by Dom Pedro II, in 1831, who reigned until the establishment of the republic in 1889. In 1890, the city had 522,000 inhabitants,¹ and it was transformed into a cosmopolitan city of considerable commercial importance. It boasted a great number of handsome edifices and some good parks, but the city was without organization, scattered in different sections, separated from each other by the picturesque hills and mountains that extend along the shores of the bay. The streets were too narrow for traffic and in general the houses were

mean and cheap. The Rio de Janeiro of the empire was one of the ports dreaded by navigators, mainly because of its bad sanitary conditions and the presence of mosquitoes and other insects that spread tropical diseases. Reconstruction was imperative, and this was begun immediately after the peaceful revolution of 1889, which changed the empire into a republic.

RECONSTRUCTION

In spite of the many projects of reform and improvement that had been attempted previously, these plans did not take practical and definite form until the administration of President Rodrigues Alves, in 1892. The new president was an energetic and enthusiastic advocate of city improvement. He had the wisdom to appoint for the offices of minister of public works, mayor and sanitary engineer three experts who were technical specialists in the respective subjects, to whom he gave *carte blanche* for the accomplishment of the desired reforms, which included concretely the following details:

1. The construction of docks, following the line of the shore for a distance of three and a half kilometers.
2. The construction of a broad avenue, parallel with the docks and of an equal length.
3. The improvement and prolongation of what is known as the Canal Mangue, with an avenue on each side, of some 3,200 meters in length and 42 meters in breadth.
4. The elevation of the railway track and the construction of an avenue to the beautiful park in which stands the ancient residence of Pedro II, now converted into a museum.

¹It now has 1,200,000 inhabitants.—THE EDITOR.

5. The extension of the water supply by the combination of all the sources from which it is drawn.

6. A complete system of sewers and scientific drainage of the city.

7. The construction of the great avenue through the commercial center of the city, which at present bears the name of Avenida Rio Branco.²

8. The cutting down and the leveling of some of the hills within the municipal bounds.

9. The extension and improvement of certain streets that cross the new avenue just mentioned.

To carry out this enormous enterprise two loans were negotiated, one of them foreign, for two hundred million *pesetas*,³ and the other national, for a hundred million. All the details of the preceding program have been duly carried out. The works that attract the traveler's attention the most are the fine docks and the equipment of the port, the great Avenida Rio Branco and the magnificent maritime drive along the shore of the bay, known as Avenida Beira Mar.

The avenue that makes the circuit of the docks is divided into three sections: one of them paved, 40 meters in breadth and bordered by trees; another, of 35 meters and designed for commerce; and the other of 35 meters, for the street railway lines. All the docks are provided with the latest apparatus for loading and unloading; and two electric plants supply the necessary power and light.

The Avenida Rio Branco is a notable example of Brazilian energy and intelligence. To construct it, it was necessary to remove 590 houses, level the ground, plant trees, etc.; and 3,000 men worked steadily day and night, divided into several shifts, until, at the end of eight months, this great thoroughfare was finished. It runs through the commercial part of the city in a direction parallel with the east shore. Three rows of trees, one on each

side and another in the middle, enhance its beauty, and along it, for over a kilometer, extend the most splendid commercial establishments and public buildings. Along the southern part of the avenue are located the cafés. This permits the placing of the tables upon the sidewalks, which, above all, at night and at the close of day, creates an animated scene. At the end of this same southern part may be admired a group of magnificent edifices, among them, the Palacio Monroe,⁴ the Theatro Municipal, the Biblioteca Nacional and the Academia de Bellas Artes.

The most beautiful maritime drive of the two American continents, and perhaps in the whole world, is the Avenida Beira Mar. It begins as a continuation of the southern end of the Avenida Rio Branco, follows the curve of the sea-shore for a distance of some 6,400 meters, with the single interruption, approximately at the middle, of the promontory called Monte da Viuva, which the avenue skirts on the landward side. The drive is 34 meters wide, it is finely paved and it is adorned with palms and other tropical plants, while at intervals there are charming gardens, gay with exquisite flowers. It is an incomparable sensation that is experienced during a drive in an automobile, with the azure surface of the sea in the bay, on one side, and on the other, the gorgeous magnificence of the hills and mountains, along the foot of which cluster variegated villas and proud mansions scattered among marvelous gardens.

The improvements were not limited to embellishment alone, however. Simultaneously with the public works, there was carried through a notable sanitary enterprise, from the beginning, in charge of the great hygienist, Doctor Oswaldo Cruz. To-day, Rio de Janeiro, which formerly constituted a fertile field for the production of malaria, yellow fever and other tropical diseases, has come to be one of the most healthful cities of the world, with an average mortality of only 20.4 per thousand annually. When I say that in 1894, the year in which the plans of improvement began to be effected, the mortality was 39.9 per

²Formerly called Avenida Central.—THE EDITOR.

³The author probably had in mind, and estimated upon the basis of the Brazilian monetary unit, *milreis* (a thousand *reis*), now equivalent to about twenty-five cents, although the Spanish *peseta* is worth normally the same as the French *franc*.—THE EDITOR.

⁴The home of the national congress.—THE EDITOR.

thousand, the results obtained by the energetic measures so happily applied by the sanitary commission will be sufficiently perceptible.

MUNICIPAL ORGANIZATION

The city of Rio de Janeiro and its surroundings constitute the federal district of the United States of Brazil, which contains 933,000 inhabitants.⁵ The municipal administration of the district is carried on under the direction of the national government, but the right of the citizens to participate in municipal affairs is guaranteed by the following two means:

1. The district is represented in the congress by three senators elected for nine years and three deputies elected for three years.

2. There is a municipal board of ten intendants, elected by direct popular vote, for the period of two years.

The chief executive of the city is the prefect or mayor, who is appointed by the president of the republic for the term of four years; and under his direction the different bureaus or "directories" of the municipal administration function.

PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

Instruction, both public and private, is under the supervision of a "director general of public instruction" and a "superior board of education." Public instruction is divided into primary, secondary and academic or university. There are some two hundred public primary schools, in which a hundred titled graduate teachers and two hundred assistants are employed. These schools are complemented by those called elementary schools, which are of a private character. The latter receive, however, a subvention from the municipality, on condition they adopt the official programs and admit gratuitously a certain number of pupils. There are now eighty schools of this kind, with five thousand pupils. The teachers are graduates of the normal school or they have passed special examinations regulated by the government. With a view to preparing a sufficient number of teachers for the high schools, the

federal capital maintains five model schools, in which teachers who have already obtained a title extend, as assistants, their knowledge until they obtain the degree of professor. All the teachers who complete their studies in this way take part in practical teaching under the direction of graduate professors during the year, and they obtain by a system of competitions their title of professor, which qualifies them to teach in the higher schools.

Installed in a handsome building at the southern end of the Avenida Rio Branco is the Biblioteca Nacional, and the city is in other respects well supplied with additional libraries.

INDUSTRIES

Once informed of the modern industrial development of Brazil, a few details will be sufficient to indicate the progress which her capital boasts in this respect. As to the industries of public utility: electric lighting and motive power are produced exclusively by the Street Railway, Lighting and Power company of Rio de Janeiro, which obtains its electric power from waterfalls sixty kilometers from the city. The plant produces 80,000 horse power and it is thoroughly equipped. It operates a good system of street railways and also the telephone system of the city. A fine example of the industrial progress of Brazil is offered us in the report of investigations made in 1907 by the Centro Industrial, whence it appears that, of the national consumption in thirty of the principal branches of industry, three-fourths were of Brazilian origin.

In 1911, there were six hundred and seventy manufactories in the federal district of Rio de Janeiro, and since then there has been a constant growth, especially from the beginning of the war, because of the difficulty it placed in the way of importation. Every year new industries are established; the great reservoirs of the country's hydraulic energy are conserved and utilized; and it is perhaps a question of only another generation when Brazil will figure among the great industrial nations, at least in what has to do with the production of enormous quantities of the raw materials needed in the industries.

⁵At present, 1,200,000.—THE EDITOR.

A GREAT JOURNALIST DEAD

BY

GONZALO ZALDUMBIDE

We have already been pleased to publish two articles by the author of this sketch, whose writings upon some of the leading personalities of America are making them known more intimately to a wide public. He shows the Ecuadorian journalist to have been a man and a writer of marked individuality and great power, who achieved a dominating position among his people by sheer force of journalistic and literary ability.—THE EDITOR.

THE last mail from Ecuador has brought the news of the death of Manuel J. Calle, one of the greatest, if not the first, of the Latin-American journalists. He was a perfect specimen of the genus, not after the manner of the Yankee, in the sense of ability and promptness in pursuing the fleeting news of the hour, cleverness in ferreting out news, and maliciousness in discovering or inventing sensational occurrences; but in the French manner, for innate art in the comment that vitalizes, throws into relief and transfigures the daily and the common. Original and lucid interpretation, unforeseen and just deduction, grace, malice in searching out the hidden intention, were his method of awakening the most vivid interest in the commonplace and dull fact, in the simple and vulgar idea, in the most ordinary person. His prodigious fecundity and his gift of life, by themselves alone, for years and years, fed the insatiable curiosity of a public on which he imposed his taste, at times impious, for seeing clearly through disguises. There issued from his pen, with the abundance of a perennial fountain, those inexhaustible *chats* of his, always interesting, agile and lucid, upon subjects that under another pen would only have disclosed their pettiness and their aridity. They flowed without effort, above all without an effort to please. When one began to read them, he had to keep on to the end, without being aware of that innate art, as spontaneous and indefinable as grace and sympathy, which does not reside in anything fixed, and which impregnated everything with its attractiveness, an attractiveness in this case often cruel, diabolical and almost always mocking and pungent.

Under the most stirring playfulness, there was discerned, nevertheless, a malice without low perversity in jealousy, an involuntary and almost unpremeditated reaction of his vibrant nature, uncontrollable, like mercury, in contact with first impressions. Very peculiar for his defects, almost as much so as for his excellences, he would have been able to take a leading part anywhere, with nothing more than his agile and unfaltering pen, as, with nothing else than it, and in spite of so much that was against him, he took a commanding position in Ecuador.

He dies, however, almost wholly unknown to the rest of America. It was not granted to him to stand upon the pedestal that a great nation offers her sons, even those of least stature; he lacked a platform whence he could make himself heard throughout the world. His country, being small, confined him within her borders, mantled him with her cloaked horizons.

Thus the affairs of his own country took so thorough, so exclusive, so irrevocable a hold upon him, that by this very restriction he achieved his power over it. He attained there to a genuine dictatorship over public opinion. The immense majority of the unruly and discontented awaited from him every morning the gospel of the day, the gospel of a man with little faith and a terrible intelligence. A cheerful and unhappy pessimist, and a piquant and ferocious critic, although without malice, in spite of appearances and seeming rancors, he taught the vast multitude of the curious and subtle, who were pleased with his iconoclastic laughter, to think and to feel. He became intoxicated every morning with the unrestrained voluptuousness of speaking, without let or hindrance, his truth, a fragmentary, ar-

bitary, contradictory or incoherent truth, but bald and sincere, even to insolence and cynicism.

A prodigious quantity of disdain was that which this gaunt, ugly dwarf poured out upon men and things! His was a special quality. It was not sarcasm in the style of Lara; it was not the icy bitterness of a hypochondriac, a misanthrope, like Swift; nor was it the paradox or play upon words of the French; nor even less was it the art of irony that proceeds by allusions and invests the real thought with subtle draperies; and if he possessed, like Scarron, a genius for burlesque, and if, like him, he was made ugly by physical misery, he never lost his good humor, he never used the method of parody nor did he exaggerate types or characters. His fun was direct and concrete without laborious transpositions. There was nobody like him for the *argumentum ad hominem*. His was the taunt, the pure jeer, in the Spanish manner or that used in the familiarity of gossiping circles in retailing the tattle of the neighborhood.

Yet, like Courier, he knew how to make of comment upon the bare and exact event a weapon against governments, tendencies, systems, phantasms. A Diogenes *je-m-en-fichiste*, who asked of the world freedom only to loose his tongue in his insuppressible *chats*, he issued from his tub with a blind man's stick, rather than with a useless lantern. He kept in perpetual alarm not only public men, but any one, known or unknown, who appeared for any reason upon the surface of events. For this sly devil, there was no roof that was not of glass. He seemed to have learned not only his language—chaste, exact, sure—but chiefly also his philosophy of life, his knowledge of men, from the picaresque novel. His view of the world was that which might be gathered from *Gil Blas*, who believed even less in the sincerity of vice than in the greatness and fatality of evil. His disdain had not even a shadow of the melancholy of a don Quijote. This realist despised mediocrity in goodness almost as much as mediocrity in badness. Without meaning to do so, his laughter belittled, saddened us; and there was not remedy: for not even

his merriment was tragic like the laughter of the desperate.

Did he sometimes turn his gaze upon himself, into his anarchical and disdainful depths? When he spoke of himself, it was almost always in jest. Sometimes, however, the jest that began with himself or that always implicitly involved himself, yielding to some inner and hidden misery, changed into a pathetic confidence. Soon, however, he returned, making a tragic pirouette, a cynical somerset, to his nihilistic, universal and subconscious scepticism.

However judged, he was extraordinary. He was almost disconcerting as a product of his environment. He was born, he grew up, in Cuenca del Azuay, a city that meditates apart in a corner of the Andes, concentrating, in her contemplative isolation, the strength of her traditions, the devoted reverence for the practices of her creed, the poesy of worship of and respect for society. From a natural and simple spirit of contradiction, rather than with the object of presenting his case to some hypothetical Taine of the future, this implacable and merry demolisher, this fierce *priest-baiter*, learned there the contrary of what he was taught. He only learned properly, with early and lasting taste, his humanities: he formed there the impregnable foundation of his culture, which was classical and went back as far as possible toward the original sources. He tasted in the text the native sweetness of Virgil and the cordial wisdom of Horace. He always liked to clothe his prose, even that which was most hurried, most exacting and most required by the needs of daily strife, with the nobility of the ancient Latins who reminded him of his classic lineage, as an adventurous second son recalls his noble strain at the worst of moments.

This, however, is all he owed to his adolescence and to his studious youth, hungry for reading, all retained with an infallible memory. From the bosom of the most rigid and aggressive catholicism, he came forth armed from head to foot to fight for the most contrary and radical convictions. The triumph of the liberals who immediately entered power owed to him in part the little there was of the

doctrinaire or intellectual in their efforts. They wished, however, to make a tool of his indomitable spirit, and he did not wait long to turn against those who took from him in the hours of victory the few disinterested illusions of the struggle. From that time, he began, to right and left, upon his own and other people, his unpredicable and fulminating attacks. After a period of wild oats in which even alcohol fed his disturbing and unstable lucidity, he kept rising in independence and authority, until he became the censor of public morality—without ever having aspired, in his idle bohemianism, to grow up with the backbone of a proud man of honor, with an hidalgoesque majesty like Montalvo's, he was the continuator, familiar and petulant, of his tremendous *Catininisms*.

His style, without being rounded and magnificent like that of Montalvo, was of a pure strain. Even the most hasty improvisation did not cloud or obscure his diction. He knew his language to the point of making, whenever he willed, as if in play, *pastiche*s after the manner of Montalvo, principally when he imitated the copious and unctuous Rabelaisian prose of his humorism. I remember thus to have found in the midst of a serious article upon the scarcity of provisions, amid statistical data and economic arguments, a eulogy—half jocose and half epic, emphatic and funny at the same time, and much in Montalvo's style—of maize and

potatoes, the providence of the laborei and the mechanic.

He had neither the time nor the desire to practise, before going to press, what Swift called "the repugnant task of re-reading." Perhaps too his contemporaries will not reread him. Within fifty years, however, those who are curious regarding the past will find, in these despised chronicles, palpitating and vivid in their incoherence of first glow, all the life of this epoch.

If the press of Ecuador has lost in him its powerful lever, the national soul has not been deprived wholly of a great mouth-piece: among others, its poet-laureate lives. If well preserved from the daily contact of the crowd, in the security of that same traditional Cuenca, grave and learned, Remigio Crespo Toral writes, sings, meditates, as the pattern and pride of his people. Although it may not be much heard far away, and although the world may not have paid it the attention which it gives only to the great on account of their wealth or success, is that country of volcanoes and strong men mute and breathless. Sad and hard upon its difficult summits, soft and serene in its *cuencas*¹ where life loiters as if in expectation of a smiling, brilliant and stirring future upon its verdant slopes, that land of contrasts will never fail to surprise us with the unknown reserves of its real greatness.

¹Dells, deep valleys or river basins.—THE EDITOR.



AMALIA'S JEWELS

BY

JOSÉ LÓPEZ PORTILLO Y ROJAS

A scene from domestic life, with an old theme, in a new and distinctly regional setting, which shows that all ages and peoples are alike.—THE EDITOR.

O PEN-MOUTHED and astonished were the occupants of a humble tenement-house, located in front of the garden of Netzahualcóyotl, at seeing, early one morning, before the great door, a resplendent Renault, driven by a grave chauffeur, who with firm and dexterous hands made the steering wheel spin and checked the movement of the machine at that spot. The delicate hand of a woman, imprisoned in a close-fitting, canary colored glove, opened the door, and then from the vehicle descended a very beautiful young lady about twenty-four years old, gay, light and elegant in the extreme.

Without pausing to speak to the portress, who came to the door, filled with curiosity, and carrying in her arms a nursing child, she ascended by the projecting iron stairway that rose in front to the top floor, and stopping before the closed door of a tenement, she seized the metal ring that hung from a cord, and pulled it. A bell of a dull tone sounded inside, and the cook hastened to open the door, drying her coarse hands, reddened by work and the heat of the fire.

"Is Amalia at home?" asked the young woman.

"Yes, my young lady," replied the servant; "bathing the baby."

The one who had just arrived went forward without ceremony and crossed the dark, narrow passage that led to the living-room, on the right of which could be seen the tiny kitchen, whence escaped odors of vegetables and frying grease and thin clouds of smoke, and on the left the dining-room, small and poorly furnished, and beyond, the living-room.

Into it went the young lady with a step assured and full of confidence. A carpet

of large, yellow and coffee-colored squares, the product of the national industry, covered the floor. A set, composed of a tête-à-tête, two rockers and four chairs, covered with red cotton cloth, flowered with yellow; columns with pottery jars in the corners; cromos along the walls; and a varnished, black center-table (upon which were photographs in metal frames with braces to hold them erect), composed the furniture and ornaments of the meagre room. On the balcony, that overlooked the street, however, were pots of well tended flowers, whose perfume filled the surroundings, and from the casing hung a cage, in which hopped back and forth and twittered and trilled a lively canary with silken, glossy plumage. The sun entered without the interference of hangings or transparencies and flooded everything with gladness.

"Amalia," cried the young woman, when she found the little living-room deserted; "where are you?"

"Here, Cecilia," replied another woman's voice. "In my room; come in."

They were sisters, Amalia and Cecilia, and between them there was a strong likeness, except that the latter seemed more beautiful on account of the luxury displayed by her person. Amalia wore a simple, white dressing-sack trimmed with lace. She had her hair done in a knot high upon her head; and from her well formed arms, bare to the elbow, fell wide, flowing sleeves. She was engaged at that moment, as the servant said, in bathing Miguelito, a baby less than a year old; a precious, bald creature, fair, rosy, with eyes of gray; round cheeks and small, dimpled hands and feet like mother-of-pearl. The little cherub was swimming in a diminutive zinc bath-tub, brimming with crystalline water, where were floating two or three

small, shiny gourds of bright colors. The mother was keeping his head up with one hand in order that he might not get wrecked upon that tempestuous sea, while with the other she was coddling and caressing his pure and dainty softness. The baby, full of glee, did not leave off moving and wriggling his feet and hands, sticking them out of the tub and burying them again in its crystal waters, or he would catch between his pink, delicate little fingers the floating simlins, soon to let them go again and leave them at the mercy of their own rise and fall. In the meanwhile, he gurgled and gurgled his silvery laughter or he cried out with delight, letting it be known that, in his opinion, bathing was a fine thing indeed.

"Excuse me, Cecilia," said Amalia when she saw her sister, "for not giving you my hand; it is wet, and I must take care of baby, lest he upset."

"You have excuse enough, sister," replied Cecilia; "how lovely Miguelito is! He looks like a god child!"

As if he was aware of the delight he caused by his graces, the little fellow continued to coo like a bird, and in his constant laughter showed his tender, rosy, toothless gums.

"Isn't he charming!" continued Cecilia: "prettier every day. I don't know where he is going to stop, if he goes on making such progress."

"He is precious, very precious," answered Amalia, with frank and undisguised pride reflected in her large, affectionate eyes. "He is my life, my love, all I care for!"

Bending down, she kissed repeatedly the baby's smooth forehead, sprinkled with the fresh, clear drops.

Cecilia did not take her gaze off her nephew to see the poor iron bed or the mirrorless wardrobe or the chairs of perforated board, or the narrow washstand with a bowl and pitcher of pewter or any of the mean furnishings that filled the room; she contemplated only the child, only the cherub, only the little creature of God, who seemed a diminutive majesty that enlivened and beautified everything with his presence: a little star of gold that brightened the spot, as if from his head, his

placid little eyes, his small, rounded body and the pores of his skin issued and gleamed emanations of morning light.

After the bath, came the prolonged and arduous labor of lifting the child from the tub, rolling him in towels, drying and dressing him. In all this Cecilia lent her sister solicitous and affectionate aid, removing her gloves, letting her fur wrap fall from her shoulders and turning back her sleeves that they might not interfere

"Sister, you will get wet! You will spoil your gown!" Amalia said to her.

"It doesn't matter," answered Cecilia; "let me, let me. You can't imagine how it amuses me."

In drying the child, she covered him everywhere with kisses—on the head, face, cheeks, breast, feet and hands—and it even happened that the faces of the two sisters would bump together in the simultaneous effort to place their mouths on some spot of that soft, luminous flesh.

Afterward followed the task of dressing the little angel, of putting on a fine shirt, drawn in at the neck and the wrists with cords that ran within the tiny seams, the silk socks, the small worsted slippers, the baby clothes, and, finally, the cap trimmed with ribbons and lace.

All this concluded, Cecilia took the little fellow, set him on her lap, "ate him up with her eyes," to use her own phrase, and she did not cease to pet and caress him. She gave no thought to the time, lost all idea of where she was and forgot herself completely.

She was brought out of her rapture by the arrival of the other two children, very beautiful also: a little boy and a little girl—he, five, and she, four years old—who were attending the kindergarten and had returned home at twelve.

"What!" exclaimed Cecilia when she saw them; "is it twelve already?"

She cast a glance at her wrist watch, which it had not even occurred to her to consult until then.

"And well passed!" she exclaimed. "Jesús, and how the time has gone! I have been with you more than two hours, little sister."

"It has seemed very short to me also," replied Amalia.

"Only to think! I was to find my husband at the bank at half after eleven in order to go to buy a necklace at the Esmeralda."¹

"But you didn't go; remain a little while longer now."

"No, no; I am going to see if I can find him still."

She gave Miguelito up with difficulty, after caressing him again and again. Then she arose, arranged her garments, took up her fur wrap, put on her gloves, and, now about to take leave, she said to her sister in a timid voice.

"Listen, Amalia; for several days, I have wished to make you a proposal."

"What is it, little sister?"

Cecilia hesitated, colored and at last murmured.

"That you give me Miguelito."

"Don't jest, Cecilia."

"Any way, you two have three and I not one. Look; I shall take good care of him; I shall wear myself out for him; and afterward he will be our heir."

"The idea, Cecilia! Never speak of it to me again. Not for any gold in the world would I let my children go."

Bending down until she reached the older ones, she drew them all at the same time close to her bosom and pressed them tightly, as if she wished to defend them from an imaginary danger.

"They are my treasure," she went on saying to Cecilia, "the only jewels I possess."

"You are right," rejoined Cecilia. "When do you bathe the baby again?"

"To-morrow at the same hour."

"Then, until to-morrow."

Cecilia found her elderly husband very busy at the bank and she did not care to interrupt him; so taking the automobile again, she went to the palace where she lived in the Colonia Juárez. She was filled with sadness, and upon arriving she did not let her gaze fall upon the marble stairway, nor upon the leaded glass of the great door, nor upon the servants in livery,

nor upon the soft carpets, nor upon any of the luxury that surrounded her. She was thinking deeply. In truth, she herself was to blame for what was happening. Daughters, she and Amalia, of a good but impoverished family, each of them had chosen her fate. Her sister had married for love a small employee of the Ministerio de Hacienda, and she, for convenience, a good, affectionate and wealthy old man. She was not unhappy; she esteemed her husband, but . . .

Without taking off her gloves or hat she let herself fall into an easy chair and remained absorbed in thought over a thousand intimate things. A long while afterward the chambermaid came to rouse her from her distraction.

"Señora," she said to her.

"What is it?"

"An employee of the bank desires to speak with you."

"Let him enter."

The employee came in bringing a package.

"The señor," he said, making a profound bow, "has charged me to deliver you this. He says that he waited for you until twelve, and then he went alone to the Esmeralda."

He gave Cecilia the package.

When the young woman was alone, she took off the wrapping and drew out a large box. She opened it with indifference and found that it contained a very rich necklace, a *rivière*, composed of innumerable brilliants, large, diaphanous and of blinding water. That piece of jewelry represented a concentrated capital: it was a whole fortune crystalized in a marvel of precious stones, worthy to adorn the white and delicate throat of a princess, a queen. Yes, but . . .

Cecilia, instead of being glad, felt a wave of sadness rise from her heart. Without knowing why, she was thinking of Miguelito. She began to sob and she ended by covering her face with both hands. The tears that sprang to her eyes and rolled down her cheeks fell like a soft rain upon the rich jewelry and increased the number of the starlets of that blazing constellation.

¹A very handsome shop for the sale of jewelry, etc., located in the Avenida de Francisco I. Madero.—THE EDITOR

THE INTELLECTUAL WORK OF LEOPOLDO LUGONES

BY
GREGORIO URIARTE

The author, who was associated with Leopoldo Lugones in his youth, and who, in addition to personal intimacy with him, has made a thorough study of his works, presents the man and his ideas in such a way that after reading this article one can not lose consciousness of either. In the process, he analyzes *La guerra gaucha*, *El payador*, *Flegio de Arechino*, *Historia de Sarmiento* and *Prometeo*, and those who do not have access to these works will appreciate the service he has rendered them by his analyses and comparisons.—THE EDITOR.

LUGONES has a multiple personality, by reason of the diverse energies that vitalize it, intensely and broadly manifested in the different forms of his mental activity.

He is a poet, even if he does not devote himself habitually to "cultivating his flower garden," because the work of writing prose better suits his character as a disseminator of ideas, although, as he has said in a memorable discourse,

one never rids, or could rid, himself of that quality, which is like the indigo that stains with blue the water in which it is cast;

an educator and teacher, for as soon as he formulates a theory, he applies it in the professor's chair or he imparts it practically to the profession, as he proved in his didactics and in his labors as inspector general of secondary instruction, fifteen years ago; an historian, not in the style of the gatherer of facts which, however necessary as the foundation of one's work, ought not to be assembled as scaffolding or support for each page, to the point of involving the architectural beauty of the whole; but, delving like a paleontologist into times that have been, it is his to vitalize the past, as he has done in the *Imperio jesuítico* and in *La guerra gaucha*; an author and, at the same time, a critic, since he discloses himself in all his productions, especially in *El payador*, by which he proves that he has not chosen as his the futile task of the Zoilists, who create nothing to compensate for the much they seek to destroy; honored by national academies and faculties; a professor, journalist, artist of the written and spoken word, always

engaged in embodying his ideal of the art and science of living: it is clear that one would need the pages of a book in order to trace even the most impressive characteristics of so complicated a mentality.

This is a task to be undertaken by the future biographer and critic who will have at hand the completed work of Lugones, happily not yet terminated.

For my part, I but purpose to study him through his most important prose works; and all that I may write in praise of him will not be, indeed, a tribute to the man, but my justifiable homage to the ideals he incarnates. If, however, I should sometimes venture to censure his opinions, not so much to correct them, as to clarify my own, it will be in token of loyalty.

I had the opportunity to associate with Lugones at close range some twenty years ago. It was as assistant director of mails and telegraphs. I knew him by name and reputation through some of his productions in prose and verse; and, without possessing a mature opinion regarding his ideas and character, I received, every little while, fragmentary and contradictory accounts of his personal traits and his merits as a writer, but all agreed in respect of the originality and strange modalities of his spirit. It was therefore most pleasant to have occasion to observe daily, for a long time, that youth, turbulent from restlessness of soul, possessed of intense energy, but who had not yet found himself.

Lugones occupied an office that communicated with mine; and on the back of some report upon political affairs he filled

pages and pages with I know not what lucubrations, which issued from the force of his brain like formless metal in the eruption of a volcano. He seemed at times to be carrying on a dialogue with an invisible something: it was, perhaps, the continuous monologue of every lofty intellectuality. He was the same also when he conversed with me, at the hour of coffee, or at some other that I intentionally planned, in order to see what it all meant.

I shall not draw upon my memory to repeat phrases that he dropped then, upon literature, critical history, social problems and the ready theme of the "bourgeois," which already preoccupied certain intellectual young men. I shall only say that there were frequently in his look movements as of a claw ready to tear the prey to pieces. At other times, when, from the loftiness of his ideas, there vibrated anathemas and fulminations against error, hypocrisy, prejudices and compromises of conscience, he produced upon me the effect of a giant crushing boulders in order to hurl them from the heights upon the bewildered multitude that clamored at the bottom of the valley.

That young man was, in truth, interesting.

More than once, recalling those scenes, I have associated them without effort with the impression produced by Sarmiento during his first trip to Chile, as related by one of his biographers. The illustrious refugee occupied a room on the first floor, with the poor student's scanty furniture: a cot at one end, a table that was not even of "painted pine," covered with rough drafts in disorder, two or three rickety chairs, and here and there, scattered about the corners and in packing boxes, books and pamphlets, as in a storage attic. Sarmiento walked up and down, from one end to the other of his room, already stooping slightly in his shoulders, with his hands crossed behind his back, as was habitual up to his last years, in the very attitude of a man burdened with pressing concerns and thoughts; so he promenaded slowly, holding dialogue aloud with his ideas, his dreams of liberty, his hatred of tyranny and the phantom of the guerrilla outlaw and partisan chief whom he sent to justice in *Facundo*.

Santiago de Chile was at that time, like Buenos Aires also, a colonial village. In a short while the news spread of the arrival of that foreign guest from beyond the cordillera. The intellectual youth that were then most prominent in the society of Santiago became interested to know him; and, conducted by J. V. Lastarria,¹ their most distinguished representatives went to visit him.

"He is a genius or he is crazy," was the round judgment formulated by the visitors. If Sarmiento had not completed his mental evolution, perhaps we should entertain the same doubt; for we are naturally inclined to conceive such judgments regarding men whose characters burst the molds wrought by conventional education, so generally diffused throughout the Hispano-American countries.

It is not a violent transition, after this reference to Sarmiento, to continue to occupy ourselves with Lugones; since between the two writers, the work of each being judged according to its respective epoch and environment, may be noted strong likenesses in character and literary temperament. The critic of the future who may think it pertinent to trace the problem will not say, assuredly, that the similarity is artificial and arbitrary in the one who found the trail marked by his predecessor. He will say, rather, that nature made them similar, because of the same law that explains the likeness between two condors.

So then, if Lugones had failed or if he had curbed his native impulse because of some accident in his life, more than one would have said: "Not much has been lost; he is one agitator, one anarchist, the less." A natural reaction against so unjust and hasty a judgment is the satisfaction that proof to the contrary, supplied by time, awakens in our minds; and no little, either, is contributed to the flattery of self-love by the presence of those who, with pro-

¹José Victorino Lastarria: a celebrated Chilean writer and jurisconsult, born in Santiago (1817-1888). His works were published in Santiago in twelve octavo volumes (1906-1914). In 1911, Alejandro Fuenzalida Grandón, professor of esthetics in the Escuela de Bellas Artes and of history in the Instituto Nacional of Santiago, published his two instructive volumes upon Lastarria, entitled, *Lastarria i su tiempo*.

thetic discernment, compared in their day that tumultuous earnestness of activity which agitated the soul of Lugones with the irregular and anxious flutterings of the soaring bird at the beginning of its flight.

Is the Lugones of to-day the same as the one of twenty years ago?

I think he is; at least the essentials of his character have not changed, even if its manifestations lend themselves to more regular and artistic forms. I could say—making use of a common but exact simile—that the torrent of his ideas and feelings is richer than in his youth, only that it does not precipitate itself in falls and cataracts, but is restrained within a broad, deep bed. Emphasizing the comparison that is wont to force itself spontaneously upon the imagination, it has sometimes occurred to me that somewhere, in I know not what hidden cell of the organism of certain men of complicated psychology, there exists always, alive and palpitating, the initial nucleus of character, in spite of the envelop that conceals and encumbers it, as the water contained in the hollow of certain transparent crystallizations is preserved pure and limpid for a long period.

Let this phenomenon be observed, above all, in combative writers, whatever be their sphere of action: whether journalism, the pamphlet, the book or even the professor's chair. About the doctrinaire idea, the noble page of literature, the subject that informs the whole undertaking, is to be discovered the tendency argument, the thesis of the polemist; and even from the serene heights of the educational propaganda, it will descend, at times, like an eagle in spirals, upon the stalked prey.

It was affirmed by don Juan María Gutiérrez²—the most artistic man of letters

²A distinguished and extremely versatile Argentine man of letters, belonging to the famous group of the founders and inspirers of the republic—López, Frias, Alberdi, Varela, Echeverría, Domínguez, Avellaneda, Cané, Mitre and Sarmiento—born in Buenos Aires, May 6, 1809, he died there, February 26, 1878. Like most of his colleagues, he was excommunicated during the period of Rosas, spending years in Montevideo and Europe. His articles found their way into every newspaper of the Río de la Plata; among his many literary enterprises, he compiled the first American anthology, published in Valparaíso (1846), entitled:

of his period, according to opinions which I share, if I am not mistaken, in a study upon the life and work of don Juan Cruz Varela—that the written or spoken word of our publicists had been and must be for a long time a means of action rather than an end. He thus rejected the idea of art for art's sake, in order to recommend implicitly the direct application of intellectual activity, in all its forms, to our social and political improvement.

Lugones duly carries out this program, in harmony with the conditions of our society.

I do not mean to say by this that he traces a moralist's or sociologist's plan in all his productions, because such a purpose is incompatible with the character and criterion of the true artist; but it is unquestionable that in each of them, as I shall opportunely indicate, there is an effort to relate the present or the past of our country with the special object of his study; because even in the most elevated and abstruse philosophical speculations, such as those to which *Prometeo* gave rise in him, he does not lose sight of his beloved patria, to which he frequently transmits the message sent him by his household numens.

It would be well to resolve here a doubt that arises regarding the literary work of Lugones. Is this writer a genuinely Argentine product? There are those who dispute it. For my part, I affirm that he is, and that he is very much so. However, yielding to the sincerity with which I write, due especially to the same quality in the one who inspires it in me, I ought to add

La América poética. His numerous works are: *La América poética* (1846); *El lector americano* (1846); *Elementos de geometría* (1848); *Pensamientos, máximas, sentencias, etc., de escritores, oradores y hombres de estado en la República Argentina* (1860); *Estudios biográficos y críticos sobre algunos poetas sudamericanos anteriores al siglo XIX* (1865); *Bosquejo biográfico del general San Martín* (1868); *Poesías de Florencio Balcarce, con noticias sobre el autor y sus obras* (1869); *Elogio del profesor de filosofía doctor Luis José de la Peña* (1871); *Historia argentina para los niños* (1873); *Origen del arte de imprimir en la América española*; *Bibliografía de la primera imprenta de Buenos Aires, desde su fundación hasta el año 1810, inclusive el catálogo de las producciones de la imprenta de Niños Expositos, con observaciones y noticias muy curiosas*; *Poesías* (1869); *El capitán de patricios*; *Noticias históricas sobre el origen y desarrollo de la enseñanza pública y superior de Buenos Aires*; *Estudio sobre las obras y persona del literato y publicista argentino don Juan Cruz Varela*.—THE EDITOR.

that I utter this affirmation as a truth recognized but not always felt.

The reason is obvious. The men of my generation, with better right those educated more or less literarily, according to the artistic and nationalistic conception of another period, recognize—it would be well if it were not so!—the exceptional talent of Lugones, but they make reservations regarding his character, manifestations and tendencies. Among the young he has, on the other hand, sincere admirers; and there are not lacking, either, those who impugn and try to belittle him, and with whom I have no reason to concern myself, because of what Dante said. Hence it appears logical to conclude that Lugones may not yet be judged definitively, but fragmentarily and with relative impartiality.

I have said, "the men of my generation;" and it is necessary to explain the significance of this phrase, in order to define the criterion applicable to the writer whom I am studying.

Don Esteban Echeverría formulated this aphorism, inspired, assuredly, by the reformist work of Rivadavia:

The statesman is not the one who is at the height of the civilization of his period, but the one who best comprehends and meets the present needs of his country.

The commentators upon the *Dogma socialista* have analyzed this aphorism to demonstrate its correctness; but they have not said the main thing, probably because at the time of the exegesis the whole truth was not yet perceptible. It is explained, indeed, that the Argentine statesman had no thought of anything but the immediate needs of his country, as she found herself isolated from the universal movement, left exclusively to her own resources, and with no anxiety for anything but to prepare the means of internal existence, in the way that circumstances demanded. However, the life of relation of our national organism has become extended and complicated by its passing from the simple to the complex, with the progressive action of time, to employ a Spencerian conception; so that, making application in accordance with Echeverría's definition, it might be said to-day that the most far-seeing states-

man ought to be the one who is at the height of the civilization of his epoch, but with the discernment necessary to adapt it to the needs of his country.

Such an evolution must have occurred in literature also, else intellectual progress in Argentina would have suffered a setback or stagnation—which in this case amounts to the same thing. Contemporaries, however, can not estimate properly, at least in all their phases, the transformations that take place about them in the manifold forms of activity, whether because, being familiar, they do not attract attention, or whether, due to the fact that the phenomena are not markedly characteristic, it be impossible to perceive, from the first, evolution in the course of defining itself. Prudence therefore counsels restraint in all judgments with reference to new forms of literary production, and it recommends adjustment to ancient canons; and it is well not to forget that every innovation in ideas and orientations in the realm of art—undertaken always by youth—has had the disapproval or the skeptical smile of mature age.

In this sense, the future criticism of Lugones's work will have to recognize that it is genuinely Argentine, both in conception and technique, in harmony with the period in which it has been produced. In order to formulate such an opinion, it is necessary not to adhere to the belief that attributes national character to work inspired by local subjects only. Such a conception of literature is now out of date. It might be accepted, as long as activity is limited to the internal life of a country or, indeed, in treating of the circumscribed forms of literary art, such as the novel, history and the drama; but so strict a criterion is inapplicable to elevated intellectual conceptions, tangible in the forms of purest beauty, whenever the artist finds within and without himself elements favorable to the accomplishment of his work.

In this sense then, I dare to maintain that Lugones is a product of our intellectual environment, but in transition; therefore I have said he is genuinely Argentine, since all his production reveals the influence of our state of culture, characterized, on the one hand, by that vin-

culation which bound us to the past; and, on the other, by the desire to relate ourselves with the future and with the life of humanity. A typical example of this evolution is the writer who suggests these observations; and an examination of his principal works will, I think, verify it.

Although Lugones is a man of letters with a national spirit, he has not confined the activity of his mind to the limits of regionalism. This is why I affirm that he is an exponent of our intellectual transition, since he relates himself with the soul of the patria through love, but without assigning frontiers to the conception of the beautiful or to the perception of the truth that animates all his productions, inspired by this sentiment.

"The patria and humanity are certainly not antagonistic," he wrote in the *Elogio de Ameghino*; and if, indeed, it be true that it is a question of the work of a scholar for whom the generalizations of truth do not admit of regional boundaries, he applies this standard also to beauty and art, since beauty, according to the Platonic formula, is the luminousness of truth. "The beauty of the patria ought not to be like a bag of pearls, but like the sea wherein they are born, and which is open to all the gatherers of pearls. To stay within one's own flower garden, however beautiful it be, is to abandon one's place to others who are in the marching column," wrote Lugones in *El payador*.

These expressions—at one and the same time precepts of esthetics and rules of criticism—harmonize with our historical precedents; for, happily, until to-day there has been no patriotic enterprise that has not linked its own interests or ideals with those of humanity; but to obey this rule, supported by all the Argentine tradition, in the work of the philosopher, the artist, the writer and the statesman, in order to celebrate the espousal of goodness and beauty, requires the ability to comprehend and assimilate that objective historical lesson, whether clothed in synthetic formulas, like the foregoing, or whether to be verified by deeds. It is not at all possible to attack this spiritual horizon

by mere perceptions of the intelligence; there is need also of an attitude of the greatest sensitiveness in order to bring its inspiration into our life. Nature, like the patria, transmits her utterances only to such souls as comprehend and love her.

There is a book of Lugones's in which national sentiment is closely mingled with the most artistic forms of literary beauty: the soul, with nature. It is *La guerra gaucha*. If our epopee is to have one day its Homer, the symbolic legends of this book will be the most beautiful rhapsody of the future Argentine Iliad. Even to-day it might be said, bearing in mind the impression the reading of it has produced upon me, that *La guerra gaucha* is an epic poem in prose. Not in vain has Lugones, carrying simile to the extreme, perhaps, in *El ejército de la Iliada*, found in its heroes certain characteristic traits of the patriotic partisan outlaw. So also he wrote in the *Historia de Sarmiento*, apropos of *Facundo*: "That moor of a Quiroga recalls the Xanthus of Achilles: he speaks and argues. After the Tablada he does like the paladins of the eleventh century: he will not cut his beard until he has avenged himself." Because, according to Lugones, the medieval paladins were direct descendants of the Hellenes of the Homeric cycle.

What captivates and surprises in the scenes of *La guerra gaucha* is not only the episodes that give prominence to the dexterity and courage of the actors; it is also the description of nature as the grandiose setting of those pictures of tragic heroism. It is not an inert and passive nature, either. River, wood, mountain, sky, with their storms, and the earth, with its Plutonic quaking, are active forces that interfere and seem to participate—as did of old the Olympian gods—in the destinies of the patria. Pedro Goyena would not have been able to observe in this case, as he did when criticizing *La cautiva*, that nature absorbs man; because, since she is—without having to appeal to pantheism for support—infinitely superior to human intelligence whenever she exercises and expresses her potent energies, to such a degree that, to identify himself with her man must be a microcosm, and to be able

to live, he must know her laws and adjust himself to her mandates; therefore the personages of *La guerra gaucha* have souls capable of living in harmony with the grandeur that surrounds them. They are wretchedly poor and ragged, it is true; but it might be said of them, as Victor Hugo said of one of his sublime *miserables*:

The water entered through his shoes and the light of the stars through his soul.

Because the personifications of that poem, notwithstanding the stoic serenity of the participants—their nature discreetly revealed in a word, a look, an attitude—merely express all the intensity of their energy in moments of action, just as, in the immobility of the crater, the existence of the internal fire is only faintly proclaimed by the tuft of smoke that crowns it.

The episodes of *La guerra gaucha* might serve as an argument for as many other Shakespearian dramas.

Now it is a sergeant who descends into the abyss to snatch a trophy of war; now a woman, like the beautiful mestiza who gives her jewels and offers her life as a sacrifice to the patria, like the heroine of Zaragoza, not to mention Juana Azurduy, the wife of Padilla; here an Homeric episode in a defile, one that recalls the one in the war of Carthage with the mercenaries, in pages worthy to be compared with those of Flaubert in *Salammbô*; there a young boy, an innocent fellow worker and martyr in the common cause of independence, who falls, shot by a band of soldiers, fearful of being surprised, on seeing him arrive, the bearer of the watchword, out of the midst of the darkness, mounted upon one of the enemy's horses; and, not to go on recalling, that mother who snatches the body of her son from amid the flames and rubbish, to burst wildly, "as the personification of disaster," into weeping over her afflictions, in the density of the forests, or to recount them from fireside to fireside "until she poured out her soul in tears, and now, without a soul, to become changed into some bird of legend."

All these rhapsodies called for a synthetic personification; and the synthesis is a name that at the same time spiritualizes the

whole: Güemes.³ Here we find the work of the artist, because it involves the greatest difficulty. To portray Güemes, to sketch a biography of him, after those radiations that issued from the invisible focus of his soul, would have been little less than to deify him, which is contrary to Lugones's thought regarding the evocation of the founders. To bring him down to human dimensions would have been to belittle him. To avoid these extremes, there was no other means than that of portraying the moral physiognomy of the hero by intermittent flashes in rapid movement that would at once magnify him imaginatively in the penumbra, as the grandeur of the tempest is illuminated for an instant by the darting of the lightning as it rubricates it.

Then this final picture:

The royalist spy-glass, wavering for an instant, focused a farewell upon the red coat. The solar gold melted into a plush of glory. Epaullets and helmets glistened with sparkling shimmers. The light shone out still more; the leader caricolored a little; and then upon the spot where rose his head the sun of May gleamed full.

No less important than the preceding, although from another point of view, is Lugones's work devoted to the study of the personality of Sarmiento.

His biography, says the author in the preface, was written in the twofold character of the narrative and the picturesque. This explained, criticism must henceforth take it into account in judging of a work prepared under orders at the last hour, upon the eve of the centenary of Sarmiento. Besides, it is the most complete and serious book that has been produced upon Sarmiento.

³Martín Güemes: an Argentine general and legendary leader of the revolutionary period, born in Salta; he began his military career as a lieutenant in the forces against the British in 1806–1807. When the third campaign was begun in Alto Perú (now Bolivia), he was appointed general of the militia; he took part in the action at Puesto del Marqués; in 1815 he was made governor of the province of Salta, and he gave special attention to the organization of the militia; he was the animating spirit among the gauchos in the defense of the northern frontier; his name is a household word among the people of the provinces, and during the celebration of the centenary at Tucumán in 1916, it was upon all lips.—THE EDITOR.

The opening is masterly. He recalls the well known simile of the mountain and great men, whose apparent defects or irregularities disappear at a distance, that their beautiful perspectives may stand out as a whole. The association of these terms accords also with the character of the great man, who, more than any other, could be carved upon the mountain. Antiquity sculptured in the rock the image of one of its gods to signify his fecundity and power as a personification of the cosmos. If in these elements Lugones had found the raw material for his artistic labors, there would have been no need to say anything, since he himself asserts on several occasions that absolute invention is impossible, for nothing generates nothing. So, referring to the poem *Martin Fierro*, he has written:

Originality in execution is, moreover, complete in the habitual language of the epic, since this quality, as I have already said, does not consist in invention *ex nihilo*, an absurdity in itself as a claim discordant with every law of life, but in the creation of new and vital forms that are the result of an arrangement, new also, imposed by intelligence upon preexisting elements.

This being true, observe a fragment descriptive of the personality he was studying:

Nature made Sarmiento in the large. She gave him the unity of the mountain, which consists in pushing ever upward, but apart from this circumscription to the projective triangle, which also profiles the soaring of the flame, she made of his structure a conglomeration picturesquely composed of stone, abyss, forest and water. So, near at hand, are those chaoses where the disorder of the granite seems to express a kind of aged and frowning sorrow. Its strength manifests itself in a rude homeliness, like the flesh of the pauper. The dark bramble, the fretted straw of the cranny, stretch over it the skin of a wolf. The Plutonic scar persists in the flank of the trachyte and in the cleft in the gneiss that form the oblique fissure. In vain did the mountain Naiad shed pityingly upon it for centuries the contents of her cruet. Above and round about your heads, reigns the immobile tempest of stone, still more imposing in its silence. From the immensity in which the distances are abyssed over the indefinite fields, from the immensity where naught is but light, the air, changed into

a curtain of wind, vexes the solitude with obtrusions of distant howling. It is not joyful, certainly, this first encounter with the mountain. Its rough masses of rock, its twisted trees, its prone branches, its aggressive cliffs, its declivities in which the power of bulk seems to force you backward, are in no wise friendly. All that you behold in it is brutal and chaotic.

Stand at a distance, however. The luminous air clarifies the dark mass, which little by little turns a heavenly blue. Condensing the diffuse violet of the environment, the mountain, thus translucent, imparts to the landscape its poetic spectacle. In that sublimity abides somewhat of thought and music. The sky, made one with it, is but a slight dissolution of that mass of indigo whose summit is moistened by the snow. So it is with the material man, changed now into the thought that emanated from himself.

Continuing the elaboration of this Cyclopean sculpture, he adds: "that physiognomy of battle, whose bronze ugliness proclaimed the tenacity of a type, formed a part of his being." Compare this with a

war mask hammered out with the sledge of pain and tortured by the sculpture of anger. Sarmiento, serene, is imposing. The repose of his block of a fighter enlivens the severe profile. The categorical assurance that forms his statics, as well as the aplomb of the brow, causes us to suspect a certain latent violence of aggressiveness. He is electrified by a curious and multiple vivacity, which brings his ideas instantly to the surface like a cat's back rubbed against the grain. In him is much of the elemental earth god, a kind of Cabirean in his ancient miner's cavern; somewhat of the fiery monk and the old Saxon admiral; not a little of the laborer, rough as the familiar glebe and gnarly as the parent vine with which his name⁴ and his characteristics have associated him. So we have his air of a formidable passer-by, treading the sidewalks with firm step, the brusque maliciousness of the eye that loses nothing darting here and there; his jaw working his thick lip from side to side with a peculiar movement that changed the senile sucking into a characteristic champing of the bit; the strong arms of a ditcher, which the walking-stick prolonged with tactile vivacity or with authoritative interruptions by the tap of the ferrule; his peculiar, thick, deaf ears under the great

⁴A play upon the surname Sarmiento: *sarmiento* is the fruit-bearing shoot of the grape-vine.—THE EDITOR.

man's old-fashioned top hat of felt or straw; his squat solidity of a slow bull loosely clad in the vulgar sack or the sumptuous frock coat; and his powerful shoulders, as if upholding their customary mass, loaded toward the nape of the neck with an unconscionable accumulation of back.

If by this presentation of Sarmiento, Lugones intended to produce in the reader the impression of a being strange and powerful, with all the ruggedness of homely nature's beauty or the symbol of the multiple energies of this mind that assumed in those traits the characteristics of a Proteus, it is possible that he may have succeeded. It is difficult, unquestionably, to concrete in the mind of the spectator of such a picture a synthesis of so great a diversity of aspects as he presents; for many of them pass before sight and thought like the images of a cinematograph or the impressions of a journey upon a lightning express train. Such a profusion of comparisons involuntarily brought together in this portrait ends by confusing the reader, who can with difficulty perceive unity of character in this variety. Lugones, however, has done all this naturally, because he must not have wished to do otherwise, since it would have been easy for him, being familiar as he is with Greek esthetics, to apply its precepts, just as he wrote on the subject in *Prometeo*, as follows:

The Greek people were not imaginative. Their eminently naturalistic art disdained subjectivism. Their philosophy was, above everything, positively logical with a rigid rationalism. In esthetic production, as in argument, they sought typical detail, disdaining secondaries; and hence their sobriety.

They always despised Asiatic profusion in art, in philosophy and even in fashions.

Moreover, a characteristic of the born writer ought to be the spontaneousness that betokens personalism; but neither must personalism be sacrificed, in the author who sincerely expresses his impressions. An effect similar to the one produced in me by this portrait of Sarmiento has remained from reading the one drawn by Victor Hugo of Shakespeare. According to the eminent poet, the English dramatist

was fertility, strength, exuberance, the full bosom, the cup filled to the brim, excessive sap,

lava in torrents, germs in confusion, the rain that causes life to bud by the thousand, by the million, without reticences, bonds or economies. Shakespeare is, in short, the insensate and calm prodigality of the Creator. "For Shakespeare was genius; and genius," according to Victor Hugo, "is an entity like nature and therefore it must be, as such, wholly pure. A mountain is taken or left. Etna illuminates and vomits, throwing out its light, its anger, its lava and its ashes. The critics gather them up and weigh them, drachm by drachm, while genius continues in eruption. In it all things have their reason for being. It is, because it is! Its shadow is the obverse of its light. Its smoke comes from its flame. Its precipices are the conditions of its altitude."

The same impression is produced—bearing in mind the remoteness of the case—by the parallelism traced between San Martín and Bolívar by Vicuña Mackenna.⁵ Because one of them is as ardent and explosive as Chimborazo, and the other as imposing and severe as lofty snow crowned peaks; San Martín, as solemn and mysterious as the plain, reserved and silent as the forest; and Bolívar as brilliant and luxuriant as the vegetation of the tropics; one has a fertile and dreamy imagination, like a living metaphor; and the other is as cold and exact as an algebraic formula, it is not definitely known what is the precise character of the one or the other; what the relative superiority, nor to which of the two it belongs.

This literary form has always reminded me of those forest trees whose massiveness and elegance are swallowed up under their mantle of vines.

On the other hand, in consequence of this luxurious style, I observe, in Lugones's book, an overloading with details in a descending scale, which diminishes the interest of the subject; because, regarding

⁵Benjamín Vicuña Mackenna: a notable Chilean statesman and man of letters, born in Santiago (1831-1886); he occupied many high posts, and rendered important services to the state and in the development of the capital; he was a corresponding member of the Real Academia Española and the author of: *Chile; Diego de Almagro; Historia de la revolución del Perú; El ostracismo de O'Higgins; Historia de la administración Mont; Vida de don Diego Portales*.—THE EDITOR.

the typical trait that reveals character, after the manner of a physiognomical index, like the phrenological study of Sarmiento, not even an analysis of his graphology is overlooked, which was superfluous, when there were more reliable data for a psychological investigation, just as the observer does not stop to examine the shells on the beach to establish the existence of the ocean—there where it dashes its waves upon the rocks.

At all events, grand as is the effect produced by the Andine Sarmiento whom Lugones presents to us, in order then to seek the vein of the treasures in which he abounds, it seems to me that this portrayal ought to be the synthesis of the work, rather than the prologue.

So it is that in the rest of the book interest wanes, in spite of the daring strokes of the artist, revealed in the work in detail and as a whole; for the esthetic impression diminishes and becomes vague by reason of the analysis.

It seems to me, in conclusion, that the preparation of this book of Lugones's, although it is the best work inspired by Sarmiento, suffers because of the haste with which it was prepared. It is not what the author could have produced under other conditions. Haste often disturbs the rhythm of art. Minerva, no less than Venus, ought to be recognized, even in the gait.

After giving us the epic of the patriotic partisan warfare in *La guerra gaucha*; after studying the most genuine and elevated personification of the Argentine soul in Sarmiento, Lugones undertook the task—a little short of impossible for one who did not have his discernment and very personal originality—of revealing to us an inestimable treasure of our literature in *Martín Fierro*.

The personality of the gaucho of the pampa, who for a long time must have interested his contemporaries, because of a liking for, and posterity, because of the reputation of, the legend; and the glory of one who was attacking an enterprise that of necessity must be original, as it had occupied writers of note, drew on several occasions to one of our theaters "of fashion" the most distinguished of Buenos Aires society, in name, position

and talent; and the lecturer won for himself and his hero the hearty applause of gloved hands. As the complement of those conferences appears Lugones's last work, *El payador*, the first volume of which bears as a subtitle: *El hijo de la pampa*.

Like every innovator, the author of this book performs a double task: one destructive, the other reconstructive. His criticism is militant, like that of one who is clearing the ground before opening the furrow and scattering the new seed. Thus he discredits the predecessors of *Martín Fierro*, from Hidalgo to Anastasio el Pollo, without excluding, in the interim, *La cautiva*; because in his anxiety to open up an arena for the equestrian figure of the epic gaucho, Lugones does not hesitate to lop off more than one branch, flowering and, in due season, heavy with rich fruit, which in no way obstructed his hero's way.

It is true, however, that his well balanced judgment adjusts itself at once to the biological laws of literary production, which in a certain way establish, as in nature, the scale of the series, when he recognizes that the stammerings of the barber Hidalgo were the precursors of Hernández's *sextinas*.⁶

The critical analysis of *Martín Fierro* is preceded by a sociological study of the pampan gaucho, "under the prototypic aspect, that is, in the state of greatest prosperity for this adventurous sub-race, when it had just been formed at the close of the eighteenth century." Regarding this, Lugones could say: "The gaucho was the hero and the civilizer of the pampa."

After studying profoundly the layers of civilization congeneric with ours, until he had found the sources of the popular poetry, in order to determine its kinship with the gauchesque type, closely related, as Lugones demonstrates, with the medieval romance; and the judgment of the reader being once prepared by this condensed documentation, he resolutely asserts: "*Martín Fierro* is an epic poem."

So categorical an assertion must surprise by its audacity, in respect of a production to which not even remotely had

⁶Poetical compositions that consist of six stanzas of six hendecasyllabic verses each, and one stanza composed of three verses—THE EDITOR.

been attributed such a character; and even after reading the copious, erudite and brilliant exposition offered, to establish this thesis, more than one doubt upon the subject assails the reader. As for myself, it is possible that my hesitation in accepting this conclusion arises from reading *La guerra gaucha*, whose argument appears to me more epic than that of *Martín Fierro*, not only because of the scenario, copartner and cooperator with the respective personal action, but also because of the altruistic sentiment that moves the actors of the drama of independence. Referring to his subject, Lugones says:

Like every epic poem, ours expresses the heroic life of the race: its struggle for liberty in the face of adversities and injustices.

Therefore I find this very thing more thoroughly defined in the work of the author, because there is, in truth, a more ample conception of liberty, even if subconscious, perhaps, and there were more painful adversities and also bitterer injustices in the unhappy life of those gauchos who upheld the freedom of our country in the times of the patriot partisan warfare, than in the misfortunes of the son of the pampa, proscribed by arbitrary authority, in an unequal struggle to defend his right to existence, although his action was representative and exponential of an ethnic group, as in *Martín Fierro*. It is possible, however, that there may be a different criterion for reaching an equitable judgment between the two extremes. So *Martín Fierro* would be an epic poem of the *Romancero*⁷ type; but there ought to exist a characteristic and superior one that will appear some day, and to which, as I have said, *La guerra gaucha* will supply the most brilliant rhapsodies.

If those who, like myself, in spite of being always disposed to take down the best weapon of one's modest panoply, even if it has served only in guerrillas and skirmishes—for it has not been granted the honor of being drawn in a pitched battle—to do homage, after the manner of ancient and well nigh invalidated veterans, to the youth-

ful victors who are passing; if, in spite of the sentiment of gratitude which every moderately loyal soul feels toward the one who for a moment has stirred the emotion of beauty in him, the consciousness that enables one to analyze being aroused later—we shall not lack an objection, a doubt, to oppose to the artist—what will not be the criticism, improvised and hasty, if not malicious and vulgar, ceremonious in public and at times amiable, later to attack with malevolence those who may be absent from literary gatherings.

Martín Fierro was the victim of this criticism, but one day there came the paladin to redress the outrage, thus apostrophizing the authors of it:

What said criticism, the very rash and brazen . . . and considerate of others' good? That it was not a work of art? But was it ignorant then of its rhetoric, and did it not know what an octosyllabic verse is, or in what epic poetry consists, besides in descriptions or portrayals of characters?

Of course not. What caused surprise was its habitual gimcracks, its inept licenses, its academic dialect, its policy of good literary usage. That production, drawn from the living depths of the language, that poetry, new, and yet habitual, like the dawn of each day; those characters, so vigorous and accurate; that profound feeling for nature and the human soul, were incomprehensible to those counters of syllables and adjusters of precepted clichés: Procusteses of the quatrain—to give them back their cheap mythology—they could not understand, you may be sure, that liberty of the great pampan gaucho, rimed in natural octosyllables, like the twice quadruple trot of the steed.

It should be noted that Lugones felt this generous indignation, and that he took upon himself the responsibility of its rigors, to do justice to one who was dead.

Apart from the transcendental criticism to which Hernández's work has given rise, *El payador* is a treatise of the most exquisite literary esthetics. The position ascribed to the poem by Lugones might be questioned; but what is beyond all doubt is that the book it has inspired will always be one of the finest specimens of Argentine literature.

⁷A collection of romances, especially of ancient ones, consisting of popular songs, often anonymous, in which some heroic or tender story is recounted.
—THE EDITOR.

myself with the scientific productions of Lugones, if I only considered my ability to deal with them; but, inasmuch as they are esteemed by specialists, as I shall shortly relate, there is an aspect of the manifestations of his intellectual activity that leads me to study it, because it has much to do with the literary genius of the author, since he reveals in productions of this kind a profound and affectionate—I shall call it—observation of nature, which has served him as a source of color in his style, as also as a mentor in the formation of his character.

There is, in truth, in all Lugones's literary work a close relation between his mind and the physical world, whenever it has contributed to the expression of his ideas. The comparisons, metaphors and allegories that adorn his pages are evidence of it. They are not commonplaces that can also be employed, with effort and good will, by the profane, nor vexatious technicisms—those that he uses—within the comprehension of specialists only; but, just as those residues of mineral, carried along by the current of a river, indicate the existence of gold deposits, they proclaim the clear and at once profound images that enable him to clothe his thought and the complete mastery of the scientific truths from which they proceed. So he would say: "In the thin shadow of the saber and in the lean silhouette of the pen is profiled in eloquent likeness the very leaf itself of the laurel;" or perhaps: "The white beard of the philosopher prolonged the youthful smile, as marbles accumulate light in their whiteness until after night has fallen;" and of the weeping of Achilles: "Sorrow draws tears from the invincible and cruel hero. So the thickest mantle of rock at last yields water beneath the pertinacious drill." The individual's contribution to the work of human solidarity he compares "to a leaf that fulfils its mission when it has contributed its milligram of carbon to the forest;" and the philosophy of rebirths or the palingenesis of the mysteries of ancient Greece, he considers evolutive lapses in the universal activity, the tangible formula, when he says they occur "in the same way that the species of a zoological period generate those of the subsequent one, under the

new forms required by the conditions of the environment." This disintegration of a social structure, to reappear with other ideals, is, according to him, like the decomposition of seed to germinate new life.

Probably by an association of ideas, explicable in considerations of this kind, I think it is not out of place to consider the injurious lightness with which certain professors of law—of pessimistic convictions, due to their having fallen into vacillation, and to their giving up all effort to lift themselves to the plenitude of light from the environment of the darkness that to-day surrounds the soul and withers the heart—affirm in the presence of youth, by nature impressionable and credulous, that virtue and justice have vanished from the face of the earth. Neither more nor less than the astronomer who might deny the existence of the sun when it is in eclipse, or than the physician who might despair of health in a time of epidemic! Such a criterion, which—from being erroneous, becomes malignant, above all, when it has the presumptive authorization of a university title—springs from the most absolute ignorance or indifference regarding the laws of nature, which are, in fine, those that preside over all the phenomena of individual and collective life. It is that a science exclusively of the library is a dead science: a mere product of the hot-house.

Nature, as a source of documentation, apart from his native aptitude, constitutes the strength of Lugones's argument; and, at the same time as this contact with the life of nature in his childhood, yonder in the picturesque sierras of Córdoba, he was led to introduce himself to her mysteries by one of those books that Sarmiento scattered upon every wind, as the wings of the spirit, in the circulating libraries, according to what Lugones informs us in his biography of the great leader.

Later, a scientific institution⁸ was to honor his technical aptitudes with proofs that would betoken his ability; and the Facultad de Ciencias of Córdoba, in conferring upon him the title of doctor *honoris causa*, placed its seal upon his knowledge as an autodidact, thus setting at naught

⁸Primer Congreso Nacional de Ingeniería.

all the prejudices of the vulgar, who attribute authority to a diploma alone, as if gold were worth nothing except when minted.

This love of nature and the conception of the full man explain the vigor, sincerity and affection—I might also say, the gaiety—with which Lugones wrote the *Elogio de Ameghino*, in whom he beheld the personification of that Greek synthesis—of philosophy, ethics and esthetics—which informs the doctrine and the propaganda of the author of *Prometeo*. Not, however, by having delineated this scientific personality with the strokes of the panegyrist has he discredited the work in the eyes of authoritative critics; on the contrary, its merit has been recognized in the most enlightened discussion. It was impossible for Lugones to study such a personality under its scientific aspect only, for this would have been equivalent to disintegrating unity of character, since, in the labors of that savant, love of truth harmonized with the purity of his conduct in the realities of existence. To such an extreme he carries analysis—his conclusions according with the teachings of fact—that he typifies in the person of Ameghino the ideal of the lay priest, officiator in the most exalted morality. Hence he says:

Ameghino was that virtuous man without failings or bitterness. . . . His old age, almost in want, contained marvels, in the presence of which the hagiographic miracles and the genesis of the gods are lamentable oleographs. Never temple harbored more truth and never capitol more respect.

Such a phenomenon is in itself a promise. What genius can do to-day is a prediction of what all men will be able to do to-morrow. The same thing occurs with the truth they proclaim as with the conduct they practise.⁹

I said that the study of nature had influence in the formation of Lugones's character; I may add now that if this circumstance has constituted a fundamental factor, self-education has contributed to emphasize his typical quality, which is individualism. Nature emancipates be-

cause she from the first inspires in the human spirit a sentiment of liberty, which is the essence of life, palpitating in all its manifestations. With this sentiment that shapes the criterion of all man's acts, as the guide of his judgments and the norm of his conduct, harmonizes that simplicity which is inseparable from truth because all complication and artifice are repugnant to nature; so that whoever is inspired in her laws will have to be frank, loyal and sincere. What we call self-education is nothing more than studying directly from nature, which is an efficient partner in the formation of character. A correlative of this is the aptitude for self-direction and for evincing the possession of what is commonly called *self-control*,¹⁰ which is a characteristic of individualism. Thence the spontaneous originality of the author arises as the natural consequence of independence of character, whose aberration, among societies trained in uniform molds, usually consists in self-hypertrophy by struggle with an environment inimical to one's expansion.

I do not need to emphasize Lugones's individualism: it stands out in all the acts of his life.

Yet I think it opportune to point out, by giving a general application to the case, as a favorable sign of our progress in culture, that the activity of accentuated and militant characters could not have been developed even moderately in a sphere of complete independence in our country fifty years ago. I do not need to cite instances. Men were thus but little short of lawless. Passing over what was due to one's own initiative and effort in the education of the individual, it is indubitable that the conditions of the society in which one figures are wont to facilitate this expansion—since it occurs in social life—by human examples, the same as with those sturdy trees of the forest which find a soil propitious to their development, thanks to the contributions made by the wastage of those which, in disappearing, have enriched the fertile mold.

Considered in its most exalted conception, individualism is the accentuation of one's own personality. It might be said

⁹Precisely for the *Elogio de Ameghino* was bestowed upon its author the honorary title, after this work had been read in a special session of the Academia de Ciencias of Córdoba, held to discuss the origin of the Arabic numbers.

¹⁰English in the original—THE EDITOR.

that consciousness of self, and not of others, by reason of that force, is what induces the exercise of the will.

I think this quality is not the exclusive possession of one race, at least, that it may be not attributed to the Anglo-Saxon only, as has been maintained even by writers of note of "the purest Latinity," such as De Toqueville, Laboulaye and, a short time ago, with incredible success among the booksellers, by the work of Desmolins.

An error so widely diffused imposes the necessity of going back to the sources of Greco-Roman civilization, in order to find in all its vigor the sap that has vivified it down to our days, in spite of the exotic graftings that have denaturalized its fruits.

Latin civilization, when it had not yet become contaminated by politics and religion by Asiatic imperialism, was individualistic. Republican Rome was an example of it. This is why reversion to these sources involves an heroic reactionary and reconstructive task; and he who undertakes to accomplish it needs both effort and perseverance to profess his faith and to spread it. Above everything, there is need of that energy wherein education seems to systematize all the manifestations of spiritual life, in religion, politics and social intercourse, so that man can not develop unaided—carrying in his own consciousness the light that is to illuminate him—but there is need of spiritual guidance, a leader and providential governments.

It is explicable then that the multitude considers the Herculean efforts of those who stimulate the collective soul to rise toward the heights to be a dream, if not an obsession. This program of redemption is amply developed in *Prometeo*.

Prometeo is Lugones's most vigorous book; it is also the one that best sketches the transitional evolution of our literature, because in no other, as in this work, has there been a transcending of the bounds of provincial production in order to enter the vaster domain of the philosophy that embraces all peoples and binds them together spiritually through the unity of civilization. In seeking the sources of our own civilization, the author of this

work goes back to the time of Plato's Greece, for the purpose of acclimatizing in our country the spiritual education of the Hellenes, declaring that this idea does not belong to it, since it was "an ancient happy thought of the romantics who called Buenos Aires the Athens of the Plata."

Yet he who cherishes such a purpose knows well that dead civilizations, like extinct species, do not reappear. At least, in what refers to the former, only that can be preserved or reconstituted which has been transmitted to posterity by means of the survival of energies capable of being incorporated in the forms of present life. Regarding this, the author of *Prometeo* says in the prologue:

It is useless to add that there does not exist even a thought of a transplantation in respect of customs and things. It is a question merely of propagating the ideal of the civilization of the Greeks, summed up in this formula of all sound peoples: What is the purpose of life?

In order to explain to himself the beginnings of that civilization, Lugones devoted himself to the interpretative study of the Eleusinian mysteries, collating for the purpose all the sources that might serve to illustrate it, and especially the myth of Prometheus through the medium of the drama of Æschylus, which he considered "a very key of gold for him who may know how to interpret it with proper clearness."

Although any kind of attempt at, or outline of, studies of this character among us might excuse the very defects of such an undertaking, since it would always have in its favor the merit of initiative, Lugones has not confined himself to so limited an enterprise. Like every author who esteems himself and bears in mind the greatest intellectual level of his readers, he ought, as he has done, to have gone as far as the limits attained by preceding investigations in the field he explores, in order to advance further in it, if possible. In this respect he has accomplished an ample critical exposition of all the theories of European writers upon the mythology and theogony of the Greeks, that he might compare their value, weighing them with an independent judgment, upon the basis of the documentation that antiquity furn-

ishes on the subject. Arduous as such a work is, the learned writer has duly achieved it with irreproachable logic and method.

For the purpose, he has needed, first, to make, as has been said, a critical analysis of the different interpretations of mythology, especially those that have been proclaimed by the naturalistic school. Second, he must harmonize the manifestations of Hellenic philosophy and art, as well as customs—that is, Greek civilization at its culminating period—with the mythological symbols, in order to explain each of them, to the extent of demonstrating the existing harmony between the two terms, as the chief elements of a philosophical, ethical and esthetic synthesis. Third, judging logically that such a spiritual florescence and fruitage presupposed the existence of roots with vigorous sap, he must go to seek for himself the sources that vitalized them, which he found in the influence of the celebrated mysteries which in Greece had their center at Eleusis; and in order to decipher the enigma that has so much preoccupied the archæologists, Lugones conceived of a key suggested by the partial revelation of the very nature of those sources; by the influence they exercised upon Platonic philosophy and its likes, and by Greek art, especially synthesized in Æschylus's *Prometheus*. Fourth, comparing, next, the adaptation of all that which the Catholic church has taken from the Greeks in forms of worship and mysteries, and after putting side by side the doctrines controverted between pagans and Christians, by both laymen and ecclesiastics, he decided, in every case, in favor of the Greek synthesis. Fifth, and finally, the recapitulation of all his work being made, the author undertook to apply to present society, especially that of our country, the lessons derived from his study upon the wisdom and art of the ancients.

As far as it is possible for me to appreciate the merit of a work like *Prometeo*, which has neither an equal nor even a like in South American literature, because of the philosophical transcendency of its plan, the vast erudition that informs it or the scientific criticism that illuminates it, I think it is not too much to affirm that

this book must be material for comment and exegesis in future university teaching, when Greek and Latin shall cease to be "dead languages," to become what they naturally are, the utterances of a race that still nourishes the human spirit, in spite of the superimposed errors, prejudices and falsities which have not succeeded in concealing it, as the weeds and brambles conceal the water of the spring they cover.

Lacking, perhaps, the proper reserve of ignorance—always convenient, as it is more excusable than the errors of wisdom—I dare, in this case, to correct the opinion expressed by a reputed scholar in Greco-Roman literature and civilization, who has reproached Lugones with possessing slight knowledge upon the subject, whenever he compares Hellenism with Christianity.

I refer to the distinguished writer, the señor Clemente Ricci. In the critico-historical study upon *Cristianismo y helenismo*, he says, with reference to the ideas of Lugones, for the purpose of rectifying the existing errors and prejudices upon this subject:

Here we have Lugones, for example. No one will question his extraordinary talent, his rare culture or the exquisite art of his verse and his prose. No one, either, will fail to admire him as a profound and able Hellenist who both discusses the most difficult philosophical problems and translates in an astonishing manner the almost insuperable poetry of Homer. In spite of this, however, he has a conception of Christianity in which it is easy to show that he is wrong, by a notable circumstance: being, as he is, a rigid individualist, he expresses dislike and contempt for the doctrine that has been the sole and supreme source of individualism. He justifies this dislike and contempt afterward precisely by that which, as a Hellenist, he would be under obligation to recognize as of purely Greek origin.

Further on he adds:

For the present, that which Lugones does not take into account is that what he considers condemnable in Christianity is nothing more than the dogmatization of the church, based in turn solely and exclusively upon Hellenic speculation, prepared, elaborated and matured through more than ten centuries of civilization, from the sophists of the fifth century to the theologians of the Byzantine period.

In order to explain this confusion, the señor Ricci says:

This oversight might perhaps be excused in Lugones, who, as we all know, confined specialization to his studies upon the Hellenic cycle, without going back, at least, with the same degree of intensity to the earlier epochs. This very limitation, however, incapacitates him for pronouncing judgment between Hellenism and Christianity, since in order to do so it is indispensable to investigate in the former the elements under examination in their later manifestations, radically and totally different from the primitive ones.

It will not be difficult for me to correct such categorical affirmations, because for this purpose I shall have to make use precisely of one of Lugones's works, which the señor Ricci seems not to have had at hand when he formulated this harsh criticism. In the chapters of *Prometeo*, from the one entitled "A Pass in the Cavern," to "The Consolation of Beauty," Lugones indicates historically and critically all that Catholicism has taken for Hellenism, in teaching, in liturgy and even in the mysteries themselves. Only he holds this adaptation to have occurred in the period of paganism's decadence, characterized by the predominance of the Bacchic cult and the centralization of the sacerdotal government, gradually introduced into Greek customs by Asiatic influence and Roman imperialism, to the extreme that the hierophant was transformed into a high priest or supreme pontiff, the forerunner of him who later was to be consecrated as infallible in the Vatican.

It might be said that Lugones confuses Catholicism with Christianity, as seems to be made clear in the transcribed paragraphs; although this distinction is a subtlety of the Christologists, it is evident that the Catholic church has put its seal upon the identity of the two terms, unless it be desired to connect the idealogical Christianity of the primitive times, which had, precisely as its most genuine representatives, apostles later repudiated by the church of Rome, with the one that universalized the dogma at the beginning of the third century. There is no reason to revive, in this respect, what were the interminable controversies of theologians and the visions of illuminati, if not the disputes of fanatics and the subtleties of sophists. The historical criticism and the abundant learn-

ing of Renan have pronounced the last word upon this subject.

In other respects, Lugones extols the doctrine of Christ whenever he alludes to it to contrast it with the church founded upon it. Thus, in the comparative study which he made between Christianity and Hellenism, he says, referring to the former, in *Prometeo*:

Goodness was for goodness's sake, according to the Christian conception, which placed love for God above love for man. This produced the dogmas of salvation, not concerned with humanity's good, as if Christ, when he gave his own life for men and not for the law, had not set forth, without a doubt, the ancient conception.

There is no reason to extend the quotations that prove the contrary of what has been affirmed by Ricci: the work that bears witness is within the reach of all. One may dissent from the critical estimates of its author; but it is risky to place in doubt his historical affirmations, since they are so easy to verify.

It is proper to add that the inharmony between a Christianity of marked affinity with the Promethean myth and the Catholicism of Rome has been noted by eminent thinkers. Abbé Lamennais, back from a pilgrimage to Rome, disenchanted, like Luther, formulated a new profession of faith with that well known aphorism: "Liberty and Catholicism exclude one another." Laurent, in discussing the struggles between the pontificate and the empire, and referring to the ideal of the primitive conception of Christianity, affirms that the Catholic church contributes more and more to debase it.

Considering this digression ended, I return to the principal theme of my study.

Happily there serves me as an auxiliary in the difficult task of comprehending and estimating Lugones's book, as well as in comparing it with a similar one, the work of M. Pau Foucart, published in Paris in 1914, four years after *Prometeo*, entitled *Les mystères d'Éleusys*.

The coincidence is worthy of note; and I think it proper to recall another, no less important and honorable for our country. In 1884, Sarmiento published *Conflictos y armonías de las razas en América*, and at the end of the book, as the genial writer

rejoiced—with a frankness and sincerity not unlike boasting at times, but which at bottom was only the intense pleasure produced by what may be considered the perception of the truth—at having coincided in opinions with a notable North American writer whose work was announced in a review of New York; but the illustrious old man was especially delighted at having published his book previously to that of the former, since otherwise it would have been thought that he had plagiarized it.

Sarmiento's book has certainly not been benevolently judged among us. A short time ago its merits were severely questioned in the university, and while it is proper to recognize the sincerity of the judgment, one is not obliged to accept it as the estimate of posterity.

I present here the happy coincidence alluded to. Twenty-five years after the appearance of Sarmiento's book, Xenopol, in chapter five of the *Theory of History*, upon the factors of it, confirms the doctrine of *Conflictos y armonías*, the judgment of the eminent Roman historian being strengthened in turn by the opinion of Girard, whom he quotes in his support.

There is therefore ground for the exercise of choice.

Something similar has happened in the case of *Prometeo*. Not that this book has been discussed, for either there is no frank criticism among us or there is lack of time in which to devote one's self to studies of this character, which explains, I may say in passing, why "a layman of leisure" permits himself to make explorations in this unoccupied field.

The coincidence consists in the publication of Foucart's work—four years after that of Lugones—in which is confirmed the basis of knowledge that has served the latter as a source of his criticism, although he may not agree in all his conclusions as to the fundamental theme of historical investigation, as I shall try to demonstrate.

Professor Foucart's book is the result of forty years' study in the chair of epigraphy and antiquity of the Collège de France and as the director of the French school in Athens: a sufficient guaranty, apart from the monographs he has published—*Des*

associations religieuses chez les Grecs and *Mélanges d'épigraphie grecque*—to give authority to his latest work.

So therefore, not to make a comparative extract from the two books in respect of historical proof, since this would be material for a special study foreign to my purpose, I limit myself to saying that the agreement on the part of the two writers as to sources of information is absolute, and I note only some divergencies of opinion.

Both Lugones and Foucart, in order to disclose by inference or interpretation the secret and meaning of the Eleusinian mysteries, begin by setting forth analytically the current theories regarding the mythology and theogony of Egypt and Greece. The French writer, however, is given to stopping just where Lugones goes forward, whether because the former, by subjecting himself to the cautious and empirical method of the epigraphist, seldom follows the trail by induction, while Lugones ventures into the realm of theory and hypothesis whenever the fact is doubtful, but which he logically considers ought to have been discovered or that may some time be established. For example: Foucart, in referring to the commentaries of Lang upon the Homeric hymns, where the former blames "the scholars who studied Greek mythology for not having followed, until the end of the nineteenth century, the method that consists in comparing the rites and legends of Greece with the data supplied by enchantment and folk-lore, on the one hand, and with the myths and mysteries of savage contemporaries, on the other," M. Foucart says that "to discuss here the general thesis or the identifications cited as examples would carry us much beyond our purpose."¹¹

Upon this same subject Lugones writes: "Likewise more ingenious than solid seems to me the hypothesis regarding the very strong similarities of the different national myths: an hypothesis that attributes them to the identity of the laws of the popular imagination, which, in the presence of the same phenomena, received the same impressions and narrated them in the same way, similar allegories being thus con-

¹¹Page 115.

ceived." He does not deny the fact, but he does, indeed, the explanation of the mythologists. "The myths are the same, often-times with identical words. To what is to be attributed this singular phenomenon?" According to Lugones's judgment, only one hypothesis is tenable:

"The world was dominated in ages, the historical memory of which has been lost, by a powerful and cultured race that propagated and imposed everywhere its fundamental beliefs." Upon the basis of this postulate he examines the facts that bear upon the analogies or identities indicated, both in Asia, Europe and America, formerly and in our days. The subject is extensively treated in *Prometeo*, in the chapters on "The Tombs of the Titans" and "The Trail of Gold."

Regarding the moral importance attributed to the mysteries and their decisive influence upon the perfecting of the human spirit, the judgment of Lugones differs absolutely from Foucart's. "No indication," says the latter. "has remained regarding moral and metaphysical instruction, and there is no reason whatever to suppose that it was furnished in the lessons given to the initiates."¹²

Lugones quotes authoritative opinions, which, according to his view, prove the contrary. Foucart himself, in this work,¹³ is guilty of a contradiction of what he previously affirmed, when he notes the traces of this moral teaching, even if not taken from the ancient inscriptions, but advantageously replaced, indeed, in the texts of eminent Greek and Latin writers, as in the fragments of Pindar, Sophocles, Socrates, and Cicero, whom the professor himself cites.¹⁴

Where there exists a fundamental difference of opinion between Foucart and Lugones, however, is in the solution of the enigma whose study constitutes the basis and objective of the works of the two writers.

However difficult of access the esoteric cult of the Greeks symbolized by the mysteries may be to the knowledge of those who have set themselves to interpret

it, it is unquestionable that in the study of the rites, ceremonies and organization of the priesthood have been found revelatory evidences of these forms of the Greek religion; and, in the enumeration and analysis of them, the two works mentioned coincide without disparity. Yet the reader who peruses M. Foucart's book with interest from the beginning, after having traveled over the rough course of his investigation, through the veritable caverns in which he suffers a purgatory of anxiety and doubt; after having followed the trail of the lapidary inscriptions; after finding once in a while, after the manner of landmarks in that necropolis of the ancient world, fragments of statues and truncated columns, waits anxiously to be compensated for so much effort and fatigue by the solution of the arduous problem. However, M. Foucart, who has only been able to solve fragmentarily the enigma with an inscription or two found on his way, assisted at times by Maspéro, says to us in conclusion:

Nous possérons donc peu de renseignements sur les rites et les cérémonies qui s'accomplissaient dans le télésthéron, et encore chacun d'eux, comme on le verra, a donné lieu aux interprétations les plus diverses; si bien qu'en lisant ce qui a été écrit sur les mystères, le lecteur se trouve plongé dans l'obscurité la plus complète.

Although it is true that the scholarly professor, in order to rescue "the curious reader" from that obscurity, adds that "the surest method consists in addressing one's self to the texts and in ascertaining whether the facts described, taken in themselves, would be sufficient to explain the idea that the ancients held of the mysteries;" but after indicating other methods of knowledge and criticism tending toward the same end, he affirms definitely, if, indeed, with certain reservations, that "the most important and complete revelations are due to Christian writers."¹⁵

This, in my judgment, is the most questionable proof of all, as it is based upon the testimony of the interested party; even so—not to extend the dialectics of forensic allegation—it is well known that historical

¹²Page 284.

¹³Page 362-364.

¹⁴Page 260 and the following pages.

¹⁵Pages 339 and 370.

criticism applies the same rules in the substantiation of proofs, and that any judge of moderate learning disqualifies a manifestly partial witness, whenever his declaration is unfavorable to the opponent. Regarding these testimonial values, M. Foucart adds that "a general study of the authors would be too long to be undertaken at present."

Lugones has effected this comparative study in *Prometeo* to the extent necessary to prove his thesis; and the clear and positive conclusion to which these testimonies of the Christian and pagan writers of the second and third centuries of our era, with whom Renan has occupied himself extensively, leads, is that they are equally to be rejected because the passion of the fanatic and the hatred of the sectary are the sources whence they spring. The tattle of Suetonius is ingenuous and puerile compared with those defamatory libels. It should be said that M. Foucart does not accept that documentation literally; but he does not deny it in a positive manner, either, although, in truth, it seems to him unimportant, as it does not enable him to clear up the question presented.

In short, the French scholar arrives at a conciliatory conclusion. In the rites of Eleusis, according to him, are harmonized the benefits of the initiation to the human soul, with the agricultural allegory, represented by the ear of corn, which is the dénouement of the sacred drama, whose protagonists are Kora, Zeus and Demeter.

More rational and categorical is the solution that Lugones offers in favor of the following key, which serves as a guide throughout his work:

The numens were three: Dionysius, Demeter and Kora. Dionysius represented the small mysteries whose object was to reveal the sexual character of the lunar cults. The initiation pertained to Demeter, and it was the revelation of the solar cults, purer or more spiritual, but conquered by the lunar cults, which the mysteries had conciliated. The epoptia fell to Kora, and it was the freedom of the human soul: the god and the goddess were Dionysius and Demeter, although not united, but neighbors in the great definitive system constituted by the mysteries. Kora was the human soul, which partakes of both the divine natures, and which fell under the dominion of matter through sexuality.

The specialists will appreciate the correctness of this interpretation; but what is within the reach of all in Lugones's book is the beautiful synthesis of the Greek genius, plastic according to him, in the initiation of the mysteries.

Referring to the former's influence, he says: "What were the effects upon the Greeks of that powerful philosophical, ethical and esthetic synthesis?"

Above all, a perfect equilibrium or moral health that produced its characteristic serenity.

The Greek was without disquietudes, because he had solved for him the four great problems of life. The social problem was solved by institutions satisfactory to all, as they were founded upon the common beliefs; the individual problem, by the principle of unquestioning obedience; the spiritual one, by knowledge of the future life; the moral one, by the rational conception of goodness. He was therefore free from anxiety, the terrible modern sickness that induces us to leave everything unsettled in the sadness of objectless effort. To-day we do not know really why we live; all human and even patriotic solidarity has dissolved into anarchy. That great ancient bliss of feeling one's self immortal in the perpetuity of continued effort no longer exists. Spiritual hope also has disappeared; and then, why combat egoism, if, according to the conception of the despairing philosopher who has best expressed the evil of a useless life, the world is, at the end of ends, my own fancy? We, in truth, compose a world of isolated people, like the laborers upon Babel the confuser; and the fact that the darkness of the future world conceals precisely the solution of the problem of work is to be thought of as of the terrors of the pit, if, as a consoling symbol, the redeeming faith of the son of the carpenter had not already shone down through the ages. . . .

It is to be observed that "the principle of obedience" to which Lugones alludes is not that imposed by unquestioning dogma, but by the rational idea of duty.

Regarding the tragedy, in so far as it was the sacred drama of the Greeks in its origin, as a synthesis of the conception of art, he writes:

Also the tragedy was based upon the truth in celebrating the revelations of the mysteries. It also exalted valor; the serenity that springs from a perfect equilibrium between morality and reason; optimism, and hope in the conviction of a palingenesis; freedom, loved by the Greek,

which, like Prometheus, the initiator of the tragic art, depended principally upon the dénouement of a liberative numen.

These tragedies produce the same effect as colossal architecture in its organization, which the centuries have not been able to disturb. Their words repeat, like vaulted domes, the passage of heroic feet rendered sonorous by the sandal of bronze. The choruses remind us of harmonious colonnades that stand like paired flutes. The personages seem like towers whence issue the shouts of armies. In that stanza, as upon the solid rock of a pier, the ocean comes to break and speak. Into that hexameter enters the wind and it perorates with the sound of a clarion. The ancient heart proclaims there the tempest of the eternal passions; but the tranquillity that suffuses the sure conception of the object, the equilibrium of wisdom, subordinates that grandeur to the law that restrains despairs and tempests.

Then in comparing that unity of the Hellenic soul with the disintegration of the archetypal notions, characteristic of modern life in its relations to spiritual education, he gives utterance to these thoughts, which would be disconsoling, if they were not softened by the vision of hope in a future humanity:

An evil, typical of decadences—the disenchantment of useless life—sickens our souls. We live without knowing why, confined to the insatiable thirst for physical delight, in the most absolute moral bereavement. A morbid exaggeration of work springs from satisfactions eternally inaccessible in their essential chimera. This is now a physical infirmity that we all feel at the present time, as we shall witness to-morrow the social disintegrations caused by its blind desperation.

Excessive work has made us egoistic and bad, that is, sick, in not leaving us time to go on with the cultivation of sympathy by improving ourselves. Worn out by toil, maddened by our efforts to acquire possessions whose en-

joyment is impossible or painful, the very rules of elementary education hobble amid the jostling of the crowd. We are callous in the face of injury to others in selfish defense of our own good, mingling meanly in the isolated gluttony of the wild beast. This sociability engendered by gathering offal, however, is easily converted into the hostility by which beasts are made to devour each other. Time, whose duration we measure with our own lives, and which we ought to appreciate as we do life, is for us equivalent to money. So, instead of enjoying it, we monetize it, without observing that the strong box of such a treasure is the tomb, and what is bought with it, the gratuitous fatality of death.

Are we witnessing, perhaps, the disintegrations caused by the conditions of modern life, discerned by Lugones, with prophetic vision?

Prometheus continues chained to the rock of martyrdom. The tyrant Jupiter, under diverse forms, as he always appeared in order to commit his iniquities with impunity, still governs the world.

Hunger and thirst for righteousness and love agonize souls:

I am thirsty! all martyrs have cried in torment. He of Calvary and he of the Caucasus uttered the same word of abandonment and sorrow.

Let the nation take care not to increase the torture of her Prometheus. . . .

Not now the nation: all humanity has to-day no other hope to reconcile it to the present life than the freedom of Prometheus and the fall of Jupiter.

Might not this dream be the symbol of the Greco-Roman civilization, whose synthesis certain European artists are trying to represent at the present hour in bronze or marble?



AT THE CIVIL REGISTRY

BY

JOSÉ ANTONIO CAMPOS

Those who have had the pleasure of reading the sketches of this author which we have already published will hardly need to be told what manner of man the writer of the following article is, with his quaint humor and his penetrating insight into human character and institutions and the queer ways of things. It would not be improper to call him the South American Mark Twain, with strains of Dickens and Irving.—THE EDITOR.

A MAN and a woman entering the office.

"God give you good day. Will this be where they say they put the children in a book that are born?"

"Yes."

"Let us see, for the life of you, if you will put me in one that I have got."

"Whose child is it?"

THE WOMAN: "Mine."

THE MAN: "Mine."

"How are we to understand this? Of which of you is it?"

"Of both two of us, señor doctor; for this here Christian that is here present is the father, as they call him, and I myself am the mother."

"Where is the child?"

"In my room,"

"In what place or location was the birth effected?"

"Here above yonder, no farther, taking the road to Mapasingue for below."

"Then the child is of Guayaquil?"

"According to the account, yes, for I already came here to give birth to it."

"How old is it?"

"It is still yet a little tender fellow."

"I ask, how many days is it since the birth of the baby?"

"It was born on All Souls' day."

"Then it must be more than ten days old."

"It must be so."

"You will have to pay a fine."

"A fine?"

"Yes."

"I have not seen that any one had to pay a fine for having children."

"It is not on this account, woman, but because you have not had the child registered during the first days after its birth."

"Did you hear that, Caslo? He says he is going to pull a fine out of us; because these white ones are some terrible grinders no sooner than they sight the face of the poor!"

"What do you say?"

"Nothing."

"To what sex does the child belong?"

"Answer, Caslo."

"According to what I understand the child do not belong to no sect."

"The devil! I wish to know if it is a boy or a girl?"

"Ah, yes, señor; he is a little man-child man; but he has turned out to have the same color as his mother."

"Animals! Is he a legitimate or a natural son?"

"Answer, Caslo."

"According to my opinion he is a natural."

"How, according to your opinion, billy-goat?"

"Answer, Caslo."

"Are you married or not?"

"Caslo is a widower, it stands to reason since his dead wife died."

"And who is your husband?"

"He himself; because after the dead one died on him, he married himself to me again."

"You are married, then?"

"No! We held hands. Nothing more."

"¡Cáspita! This would exhaust the patience of a saint! What is the name of the youngster?"

"He is still a Moor."¹

"But what name are you going to give him?"

"What name did you bring, Caslo?"

"I brought *Souls*."

"Don't be donkeys! Are you going to

¹Not yet made a Christian, not yet baptized.—THE EDITOR.

call him Souls because he was born on All 'Souls' day? So that if he was born during the carnival you would call him Confetti?"

"It is because they say that when one does not give them the name of the saint that brought them, they have pimples and worms; if your honor will excuse these words that I use before your honor's beard."

"Well, then, what are we going to do?"

"This fellow knows a very pretty name. Do you remember, Caslo?"

"Just wait a minute, for I have it on the tip of my tongue. He will be . . . he will be . . . he will be named Goyito."

"That's it: Goyito!"

"Goyito! Goyito, indeed! That is no name; Gregorio, you mean."

"Well; call him Gregorio, if it pleases you."

"What have I to do with your affairs! I say Gregorio, for that is what it ought to be, and neither Goyo nor Goyito!"

"So be it."

"What is the name of his father?"

"Which?"

"The father of the child."

"Caslo."

"And your surname?"

"Mine? They call me by a bad name: *Gavilán.*"²

"What I see is that you two are a pair of fools, double-dyed. You, woman, what is your name?"

"Gabriela."

"Gabriela what?"

"Juáspite."

"What sort of a surname is that? I'll bet you are saying some nonsense again."

"No, señor, why should I lie; if this was not my name, why should I say it was? I am the daughter of a doctor, who was my legitimate father, although it may be wrong to say so."

"Where do you reside?"

"What, your honor?"

"Where do you have your habitation?"

"Now you can say that we are or we are not, because one day we pass here and the next there."

"But, ¡carajo! you must live somewhere."

"We live in the water."

"Are you amphibians?"

"We are ferry-men and we go all the time in the ferry to where the tide catches us. All the time it catches us down there about La Tarazana, and for this we have bringed the little fellow to this registering place to have him registered. It is true the man did not wish to, if I must say it, but the priests do not wish to baptize the little Moors until they are registered, for they say that they get a fine put on them."

"And you also will have to pay a fine for what you have done."

"No; for the life of you, señor; for this here innocent of a fellow, there where you see him, has not received anything for the chicle that he brought, not even a cent cut in half. And this is the famous *Gavilán* the *chicler!*"

"What people these are!"

"Listen, señor; next time I am not going to have another baby without a government license."

"Good; but take to your heels; you have already set me sizzling!"

"Let it be good-by, for a little while."

"Let it be until the judgment day!"

²Hawk.—THE EDITOR.



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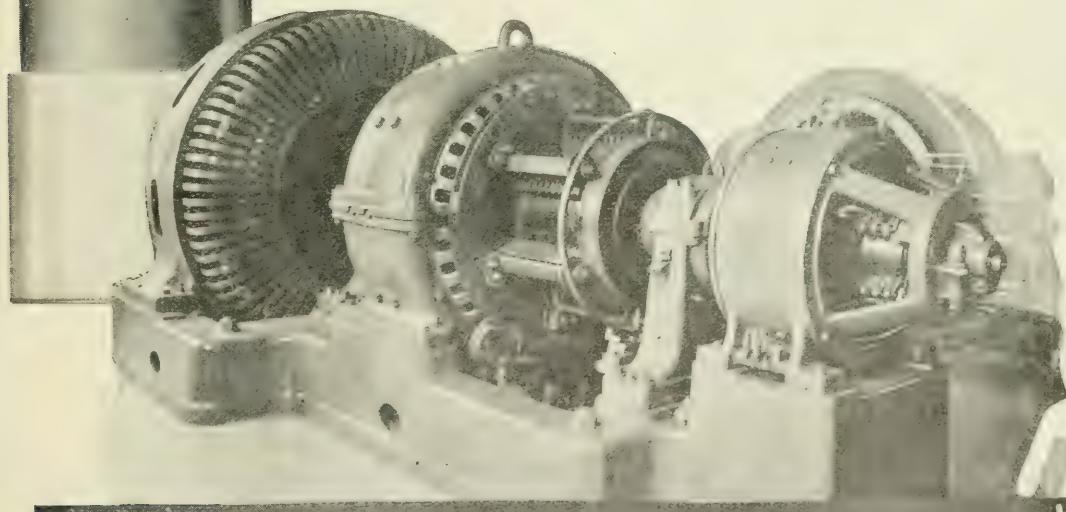
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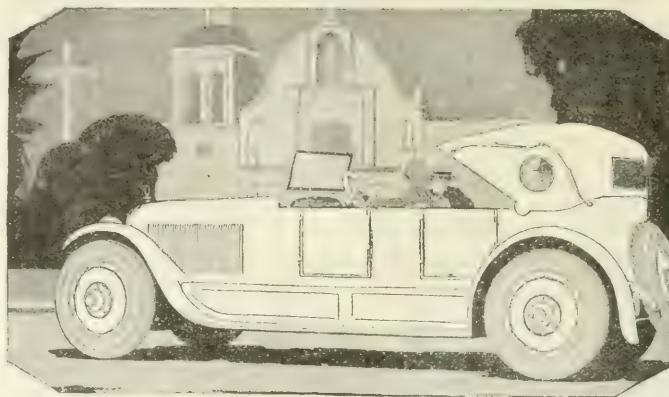
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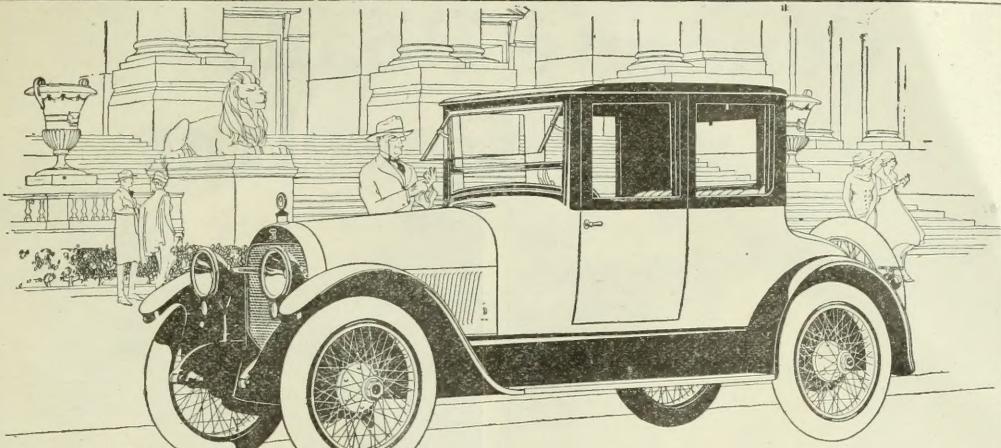
A standard chassis of finished mechanical excellence.

A body—long, low, slender and built entirely of aluminum. A new French angle at the dash. Clean flat top-edge. Square wide-opening doors—with smart rectangular mouldings. Tall hood. Low slanting wind shield. Cordovan leather boot and saddle bag built into the tonneau. Deep soft-cushioned seats of narrow French pleated leather over Marshall springs.



A car for comfort-loving, particular people. In Brewster Green or Burgundy Old Wine. Built in four or seven passenger.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO



The new series Haynes Coupé—four passengers—twelve cylinders—cord tires—five wire wheels standard equipment—Price \$3800.

This advertisement copyrighted, 1919, by The Haynes Automobile Company

FOUR FACTORS OF CHARACTER IN THE NEW SERIES HAYNES

BEAUTY—strength—power—comfort—these are the four factors essential to character in an automobile. If one factor is lacking, or if one or two are slighted to secure the others, the result is an incompleteness in service and satisfaction for the owner. These four factors of character are insisted upon by the engineers and designers of the new series Haynes.

The full aluminum body, with its lustrous, lasting finish, its straight, graceful lines and the thoughtful incorporation of beautifications and conveniences, lends itself harmoniously to the picture of car-beauty. The strength of the chassis and of the general construction, and the dependable, velvety power of the famous Haynes motor, accentuate the comfort of the roomy seats and hand-buffed leather upholstery, affording travel-ease without weariness of body or mental strain.

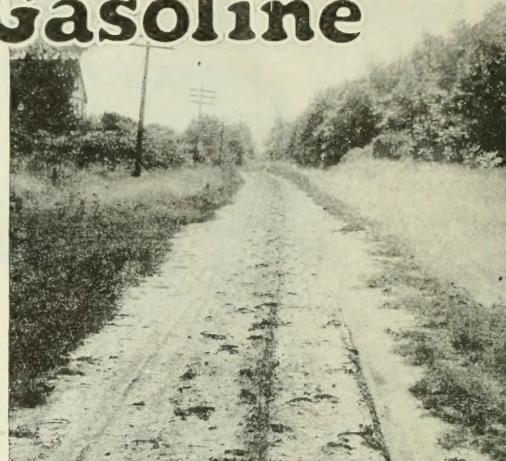
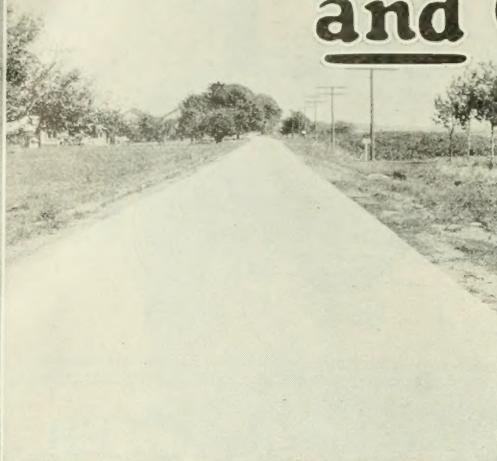
We urge you to place your order promptly, because of the unprecedented Haynes demand. If you do not know where your nearest Haynes dealer is, please write us and we will advise you.

The Haynes Automobile Company, Kokomo, Indiana, U. S. A.

A descriptive catalog, and prices will be sent on request. Address Dept. 715.

1893—THE HAYNES IS AMERICA'S FIRST CAR—1919

Concrete Roads and Gasoline



11.78 miles per gallon of gasoline on this concrete road. This is over double the mileage obtained on the earth road opposite.

5.78 miles per gallon of gasoline on this earth road—less than half the mileage obtained on the concrete road opposite.

Why Spend \$2—\$1 Will Do

Tests made last September at Cleveland, O., with five 2-ton White Trucks carrying full load, showed that on an earth road in fair condition, gasoline consumption was twice that on a concrete road.

The diagrams to the left and right illustrate the relative quantities of gasoline and its cost, used by one truck in making a 100-mile run under the same condition of load over the two roads pictured above. Think what 5,000,000 motor vehicles would save in gasoline alone if they always traveled on concrete.

Since one gallon of gasoline will carry you twice as far on a concrete road as it will on an earth road, why waste the other gallon?

You pay the price of good roads whether you get them or not, and if you pay for concrete roads they pay you back.

Let's Stop This Waste!

Illinois, Pennsylvania and Michigan have voted big, road bond issues to do away with the mud tax. Many other states and counties are going to do the same thing.

When You Think of Roads—Think of Concrete; When You Ride—Ride on Concrete.

Write our nearest District Office for free copy of "Concrete Pavements Pay for Themselves" and "Facts About Concrete Roads."

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

OFFICES AT

ATLANTA DENVER HELENA MILWAUKEE
CHICAGO DES MOINES INDIANAPOLIS MINNEAPOLIS
DALLAS DETROIT KANSAS CITY NEW YORK

PARKERSBURG SEATTLE
PITTSBURGH ST. LOUIS
SALT LAKE CITY WASHINGTON

PAVE THE ROAD — DOUBLE THE LOAD



BANFF

IN THE HEART OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC ROCKIES

HAVE you ever been to Banff? If not, go this summer. Banff, the majestic, the beautiful, nestling in an Alpine Fairyland, where people of tired cities go to rest and play; to get a deep breath of bracing air and a physical and mental uplift for working days to come. Banff, with its warm sulphur swimming pool, its trails for mountain ponies, its embarrassment of riches to lovers of out-door sports—golfers, walkers, climbers, anglers. Or Banff, where you may leisure and loaf in a luxury of glorious scenery unapproached anywhere in the world. It is easy to get to Banff and not expensive—but hard to get away, for at Banff is the world-famous —

BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL

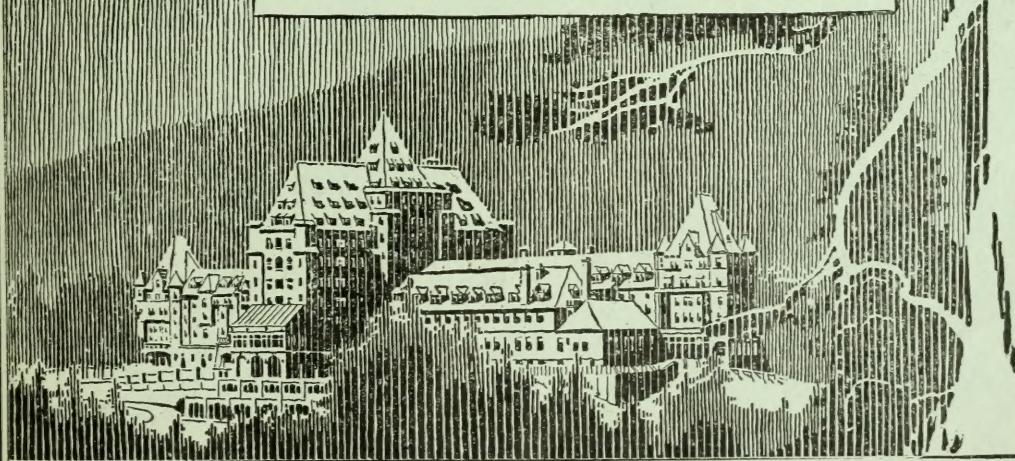
The Mountain Inn of Ease

Unreservedly, it is one of the most, if not *the* most, appealing mountain hotels in the world. Here are life, music, endless opportunities for pleasure. Here a Paris and New York cuisine and the unapproachable service of a Canadian Pacific Hotel—and always most interesting and cosmopolitan companions. Good orchestra and dancing floor. Dining-room with capacity for 600 guests, 305 rooms. *Hotel Vancouver, at Vancouver, and the Empress at Victoria* continue this service to the coast.

BANFF open to September 30th. For full information, Address:

CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTELS

1231 Broadway, New York; 140 S. Clark St., Chicago
or Montreal, Canada





The Publications of The Hispanic Society of America

G. P. Putnam's Sons of New York and London have been appointed publishing agents for The Hispanic Society of America; and they are prepared to fill orders for the series of publications issued by the Society.

The Hispanic Society, the organization of which was completed in 1904, has for its purpose, in addition to the establishment of a free public library, a museum, and an educational institution, the advancement of the study of the Spanish and Portuguese languages and of the literature and history of the countries wherein Spanish and Portuguese are spoken.

The publications thus far issued by the Hispanic Society comprise about one hundred titles. Among the more important works included in this list, exclusive of those the editions of which are exhausted, is the authoritative Spanish edition of *Don Quijote de la Mancha*. It is planned to complete the work in seven volumes, the first three of which are now in readiness.

Illustrated Catalogues of the Works of certain great artists, such as Sorolla, Zuloaga, etc.

Reproductions of maps of historic importance, such as the Genoese World Map of 1457; and of Spanish texts in facsimile.

Publications of literary criticism, as those of Ramon Menendez Pidal and James Fitzmaurice-Kelley.

The *Revue Hispanique*, devoted to a study of the languages, the literature and the history of the Castilian, Catalán, and Portuguese countries,—six issues annually.

The *Bibliographie Hispanique*, an annual catalogue of books and articles of importance in the Hispanic field.

A Catalogue of Hispanic Society Publications
will be sent on application.

NEW YORK
2 West 45th St.
Just west of 5th Ave.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

LONDON
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